Living Masters of Music

HENRY J. WOOD

ROSA NEWMARCH

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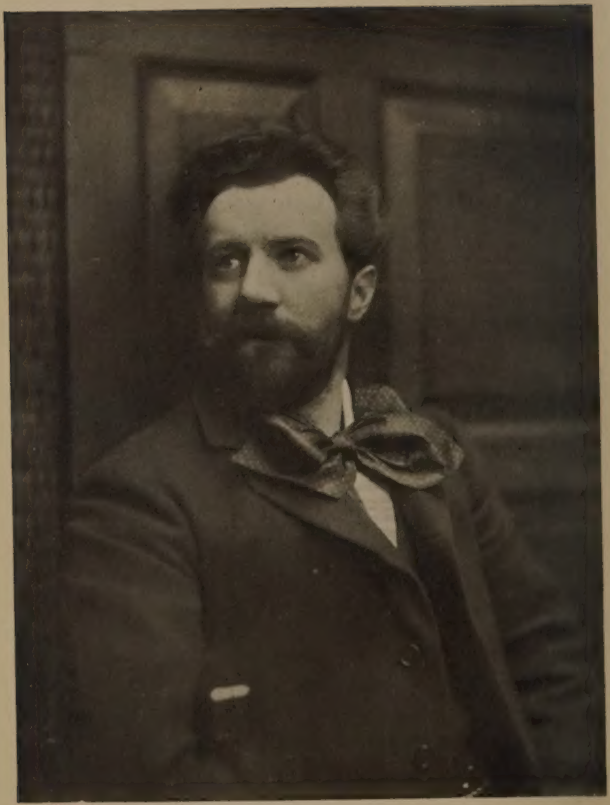

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Henry J. Wood

HENRY J. WOOD

BY ROSA NEWMARCH

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"*Little minds soon come to terms with themselves and the world, and then fossilise; but the others flourish, and are always alive and in motion. . . . It is a persistent, uninterrupted activity that constitutes the superior mind.*"

SCHOPENHAUER.

HENRY J. WOOD

INTRODUCTION

In writing of the man who—apart from creative artists — is unquestionably the central figure in English musical life, I am conscious of all the disadvantages which beset contemporary biography. To write of living celebrities needs the special gifts of tact and an impartial temper, to which most probably I have no claim whatever. When, as in the present case, the writer enjoys the privilege of friendship and frequent intercourse with the subject of the book himself, there is always the risk of saying more than should be said in a man's lifetime. On the other hand, the study of a living personality written from an entirely objective standpoint must necessarily lack the intimate glow and sense of actuality which give its chief value to a contemporary record.

There is a special difficulty in dealing with a man who has achieved so much in such a short space of time. His rush from comparative obscurity to the conspicuous heights of success leaves his biographer

fairly breathless. To follow his career at his own pace demands something of his own impetuous energy and staying power. The course has been covered, the prize has been won, but as yet there has hardly been time to see how the race was ridden.

In undertaking a book upon our greatest English conductor, which is frankly eulogistic in tone and has for its object the vindication of his phenomenal success, it is an encouragement to feel that practically the entire public will be on my side. Those who are likely to prove hostile critics may be divided into two classes. A small minority of grudging natures like to read into the old maxim, "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*," a corrupt and ungenerous interpretation "Of the living never say anything good." Fortunately these ungracious and illiberal spirits, who call nothing great or good for fear of being mistaken, are a negligible quantity. There remains, however, another class, whose sympathies honestly lie with past methods of conducting, and who see in the *interpretative*, the *virtuoso* and the *tempo rubato* conductor a force as dangerous to their musical system as a comet might be to the order of the universe.

To these I would simply say, defer judgment. To write of Henry J. Wood is necessarily to write as much for the future as for the present. Such opponents are probably moving forward, though slowly, while Mr Wood's style and tastes are broadening and mellowing with every concert season. It is only at maturity that our sympathies with past and present become equalised, and we see that artistic

truth is good from whatever source it reaches us. Soon there will be a common meeting-ground, and the doubters of to-day will be the disciples of to-morrow. Meanwhile, to that larger public who harbour neither grudging spirits nor timid doubts I may safely confide the future of this little book.

I

BIRTH AND EARLY LIFE (1870-1895)

HENRY J. WOOD was born in Newman Street, London, March 3, 1870. He was the only child of his parents, who were both natives of England, although his mother was of Welsh origin. To this Celtic strain he probably owes his striking physiognomy—the warm, dusky colouring, the vivacious play of feature and vehemence of gesture which distinguish him from the average type of Englishman.

His musical gift was inherited from both sides. His father, besides being a good amateur 'cellist, was a pupil of John Hullah, and for twenty-five years solo tenor at the church of St Sepulchre, E.C. Mr Wood's mother was a charming singer, and to her the future conductor is indebted for his early musical education. His father was proud of his accomplishments, but it was his mother who helped him patiently through all the initial difficulties which—even for a highly-gifted child—beset the first steps in musical knowledge. She, too, it was who first awoke his keen interest in music, and especially in

singing. In this, as in many other matters, she influenced him deeply. His gifts must have been as precocious as those of the infant Mozart, since at six he was able to take part in the music of the earlier classical masters, such as Bach and Haydn.

He showed as much aptitude for organ as for piano, and at ten often acted as deputy organist of St Mary Aldermanbury. At seventeen he was appointed organist and choirmaster of St John's, Fulham.

Mr Wood studied for six terms at the Royal Academy of Music, where he gained four medals. Among the teachers with whom he worked were Professor Prout and Mr Manuel Garcia, to whom he considers himself most indebted. Undoubtedly one of the chief factors in his musical development has been his almost life-long friendship with Mr Hermann Smith, who interested him in the scientific side of music, especially in acoustics and questions of pitch. "To him," says Mr Wood, "I owe my first true perception of *beauty of tone*."

Almost before he was in his teens he took part, at least two or three nights a week, in chamber-music at home. He first came before the public as an organist. The recitals of "Master Henry J. Wood" were a feature of the Fisheries' Exhibition of 1883 and the Inventions' Exhibition of 1885. A year or two later he began to be in request as an accompanist.

From 1885 to 1890 he served his apprenticeship to the "trivial round" and "common task" of musical life, giving numerous organ recitals and accompanying at many unimportant concerts. This kind of

drudgery is the refiner's fire which consumes all but the strongest and finest ideals in art. Mr Wood's musical temperament was too fervid, and too elastic, to suffer from this temporary association with mediocrity.

While still a mere boy, his thoughts were busy with composition, and about 1888 his name occurs frequently in programmes as a song-writer. He next tried his hand at light operas, cantatas and oratorio, and several of his works were performed about this time in London and the provinces.

Some of the most considerable compositions then planned and completed have never seen the light of publicity. In these works, which are always practicable and written with due regard to orchestral effect and vocal possibilities, there is much in which even so talented a young man might take a legitimate pride. But at this moment Mr Wood's development in other directions was so rapid, and so sure, that he entirely outgrew any natural weakness he originally cherished for his own creations. Perhaps he would not have abandoned them thus inexorably if he had not felt that what was strongest and most individual in him did not find vent in his creative work. At anyrate, from the moment he found his true vocation and place in music he decided to let his compositions slide into oblivion. I shall respect the wisdom of his decision.

It has always been Mr Wood's ambition to be a "professional" conductor—a specialist in his own line. To be this a musician must be *a man of action* in every sense of the word, living as much as pos-

HENRY J. WOOD

At the age of ten years

sible in the full current of musical life and activity, whereas the composer needs an atmosphere of tranquillity, and can only give the world his best by detaching himself from it during the process of creation. The interpretative and creative careers Mr Wood considers irreconcilable.

His first experience as a conductor was gained during a four months' tour with the Arthur Rousbey Company, beginning in September 1889. The autumn of 1890 brought a better chance of winning distinction in this line, for he was engaged by Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr D'Oyly Carte to superintend the rehearsals of *Ivanhoe*, produced at the new Royal English Opera House (now the Palace Theatre) in March 1891. From this engagement he went on to assist Cellier at the Savoy Theatre; and also added to his experience by conducting Ambroise Thomas's *Mignon* and the revival of Gounod's *Mock Doctor* (*Le Médecin malgré lui*) at the Crystal Palace. In August 1891 he was engaged by the Carl Rosa Opera Company to conduct *Carmen* during Madame Marie Roze's farewell tour in the provinces. August 1892 found him in the north of England conducting for Madame Georgina Burns and Mr Leslie Crotty, for whom he had prepared an English version of Rossini's *La Cenerentola*, to which he added incidental music as well as re-scoring parts of the work. From this engagement he was recalled to London to a far more important post—that of conductor to Signor Lago's ill-fated operatic enterprise at the Olympic Theatre.

The season opened with Tchaikovsky's popular opera, *Eugene Oniegin*, which had taken both the

Russian capitals by storm. The opera was produced and conducted by Mr Wood, and this was his first association with that school of Russian music with which he has since been so persistently identified. A Russian critic has compared Tchaikovsky's opera to a woman with many faults of heart and mind, whom we love for her beauty in spite of them all. *Eugene Oniegin* was one of Mr Wood's first loves in opera, and he has never outgrown his early affection for this work, which opened out to him a new and fascinating land in the world of music. He still kindles into enthusiasm in recalling his admirable caste, and more especially the dramatic intensity and fire which Mr Eugene Oudin infused into the title *rôle*. Glancing through a number of press notices which extinguished this captivating opera under a flood of tepid praise and mildly facetious abuse, one note alone seems unanimous and clear—the young conductor scored a success.

In all, Mr Wood has conducted forty-six operas, grand and comic, and it is no exaggeration to say that the whole *répertoire* of the lyric stage is at his finger-ends.

When Signor Lago's season came to a premature close, there followed a pause in Mr Wood's career as a conductor. He now began to devote himself with characteristic energy to the teaching of singing. Besides giving private lessons, he started operatic classes and worked in association with Mr Gustave Garcia. At the Royal Academy he had been accompanist at the vocal examinations. In this way he came in touch with the chief teachers of singing, and

observed all the merits and defects of their various methods. Not only did he pick up a vast amount of information about voice production, but he became familiar with various traditional readings of the great vocal masterpieces. This was the invaluable part of his Academy training, and it is this experience which makes him such an admirable coach, as the singers have discovered for themselves.

While at Bayreuth, in the summer of 1894, Mr Wood became acquainted with Herr Mottl, the Wagnerian conductor, and arrangements were then made by which he was appointed musical adviser to Mr Schulz Curtius for the Queen's Hall Wagner Concerts.

In the spring of 1895 he first became associated with Mr Robert Newman, the enterprising manager of Queen's Hall, and was engaged to conduct the first series of Promenade Concerts given in that building. This was the starting-point of a new and brilliant career.

In July 1898 he married Olga, the only daughter of the late Princess Sofie Ouroussov (*née* Narishkin), of Emilovka, Podolia. Mrs Wood, who has studied with her husband, is known to the public as a singer of rare charm and distinction who has largely contributed to the appreciation of Russian songs in England. It is only her husband and her intimate friends who know all her remarkable capacities in other directions. It is not too much to say that her ready help and sympathy, and her untiring devotion to her husband's interests, has made it possible for him to accomplish an amount of work which would

have worn out a man less happily situated. Mr Wood is justly renowned as an accompanist altogether *hors ligne;* but no one who has not heard him play for his wife knows what he really can do in the way of accompaniment.

II

THE QUEEN'S HALL AND PROMENADE CONCERTS

THE association of two such energetic personalities as Mr Newman and Mr Henry J. Wood could not fail to leave its mark on the musical life of London. But it will be easier to understand the full value of the work they accomplished at Queen's Hall if, before reviewing it, I recall the actual condition of things when Mr Newman made his first venture with the Promenade Concerts.

There was a season of Italian Opera, lasting from May to July, which drew the fashionable world at prices prohibitive to the ordinary public. The Richter Concerts, instituted in 1879, appealed more especially to "cultured" London. But there were rarely more than from six to eight of these concerts given during the year, and their influence was not widespread, because their atmosphere was charged, like that of some church services, with a kind of sacerdotal dignity, an aroma of cultured superiority, which kept aloof the deserving poor. The concerts of the Philharmonic Society, which have existed since 1813, drew another section of the musical

world. These also had their special "atmosphere," although it was not rendered oppressive by the weight of intellectual superiority. The London Symphony Concerts, which originated under the direction of Mr Henschel in 1886, made a gallant effort to supply high-class music at moderate prices. Interesting as these concerts were from an artistic point of view, they never won the whole-hearted support of the public. The only permanent orchestral concerts were those at the Crystal Palace on Saturday afternoons, started in 1855, with Mr—now Sir Augustus—Manns as conductor. They were undoubtedly a great educational force, and maintained from first to last a high artistic level. But Sydenham is not the Metropolis, and considerations of time, distance and expense put them beyond reach of the ever-increasing mass of concert-goers. Besides these orchestral concerts there were those of the Royal Choral Society at the Albert Hall, and the Monday and Saturday Popular Concerts for those who preferred the milder joys of chamber music.

With these various enterprises continued through the spring and autumn seasons, it would be ridiculous to pretend that London was benighted, musically speaking, before the opening of Queen's Hall. But each of these courses of concerts appealed only to some particular section, I might almost say clique, of the musical world. There was very little amalgamation or interchange of audiences. Members of Richter's congregation did not attend the Philharmonic, and *vice versâ*. Popular music there was practically none, notwithstanding that the keen competition

for the cheaper seats at the Richter and Popular Concerts pointed to a growing public ready and willing to pay, within their means, for the pleasure of hearing good music. So little were the masses considered worthy of exploitation that, during the absence of fashionable society, the people were left from the end of July until the middle or end of September without any serious music at all.

The only cheap concerts were those held at Covent Garden for a few weeks during the autumn. These Promenade Concerts were conducted by Mr Alfred Mellon until 1866, and afterwards by Signor Arditi, Messrs Riviere, Crowe, and others. Their artistic standard varied with the conductor. High-class music was introduced in a timid spirit. As a rule only excerpts from the great masterpieces were given, and these were sandwiched in between much that was trivial and even vulgar. The popping of corks punctuated the music at frequent intervals, for the management relied largely on the refreshment department for the success of the enterprise.

When Sir Arthur Sullivan took up the baton at the Covent Garden Concerts he made an effort to improve the style of the programmes. In 1878 he gave Beethoven's Nine Symphonies week by week; but, according to a writer in the *Musical Times*, "the music was so good that it hindered the sale of refreshments, and the financial results were proportionately unsatisfactory"! In this case music seems to have been something more than "the food of love."

By 1895 London was ripe for better-class concerts.

The taste for orchestral music developed with remarkable rapidity until, at the present time, it has reached a pitch of enthusiasm which some regard as ill-balanced and inimical to the interests of art. Our natural aptitude for choral music, say these pessimists, will suffer in consequence. Possibly; but the swing of the pendulum was inevitable. Critics have attributed the new "orchestral craze" to various causes. One speaks of its having been "created" by Mr Robert Newman, presumably with the assistance of Mr Henry J. Wood. This seems to be arguing from effect to cause. Popular appetites are not created by individuals, though they may be guided by them. Others account for it by the multiplication of orchestral societies, and the improvement in the tone of bands generally, consequent on the number of trained musicians turned out annually by our schools and colleges. It can surely be more logically explained as a natural reaction from the monotonous manufacture of choral works, which has been carried on in England since the days of Handel. What might be described as the "oratorio industry" has absorbed the best and the worst of our musical material for nearly two centuries.

After the English musicians of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries had set the Bible several times over to music of a colourless and tepid kind, there arose a generation who craved a secular renaissance. They realised that sacred music, like a sand-storm from the desert, had overwhelmed and choked nearly all that was bright and promis-

ing in our native talent. The religious spirit which animated our Church music until the time of the Restoration was altogether a different thing from the dry, semi-sacred, stolidly Protestant ideals which were Handel's legacy to the country of his adoption. In other countries Opera has balanced Church Music and supplied a wholesome, secular corrective which has kept musical art in a sane and progressive condition. In England—half-Puritan still in musical feeling—we accepted Oratorio as a compromise and became atrophied on the secular side.

There was of course some excuse for the men of promise and the men of incapacity who wrote their innumerable "Hezekiahs," "Jeremiahs," "Jonahs" and "Joshuas," and celebrated all the prophets, virgins and martyrs in oratorio during the nineteenth century; it was almost the only form in which, by the medium of some festival performance, they could hope to reach the ears of the British public. To look into catalogues and dictionaries which hold, like so many sarcophagi, all that remains of these countless oratorios and cantatas, is to shiver with depression. How came the England of Shakespeare, Ford and Webster to give birth to such an anæmic and passionless musical art, and to be satisfied with it for nearly two centuries? The fact is our musical works were not of true English birth. They were cuckoo eggs, imported from Germany by Handel and Mendelssohn and hatched in British nests to the detriment of our native singing-birds, who might otherwise have developed a distinct note of their own.

At last the "ideal model" has changed. A young and hot-headed generation has asked for new sensations in music. They look for living forms, energetic movement, colour and passion, genius of race. Even the most adventurous and sensational music, if it has some pith in it, seems a relief from the lamentable monotony of the past. This change in the popular taste gave the new *entrepreneur* his opportunity. Where—failing a national opera—could the public satisfy this newly-awakened and natural hunger for a living art save in modern orchestral music?

The Queen's Hall Concerts furnished a banquet, and Mr Wood has been our Amphitryon. We have had our reaction, or, as some consider, an orchestral orgy, and no one really regrets it, except a few valetudinarians whose digestions were not equal to all the dishes provided.

The very first season of Promenade Concerts, in 1895, revealed the existence in London of a large musical public entirely apart from the cultured few who had so far enjoyed the monopoly of symphonic music. The series comprised forty-nine concerts. The scheme was somewhat as follows:—Monday, Wagner night; Tuesday, Sullivan night; Wednesday, "classical" night; Thursday, Schubert night; Saturday, "popular" night. The "popular" programme consisted of compositions by such composers as Gounod, Grieg and Mendelssohn. From the first it was noticeable that the best music drew the largest audiences. In 1896 there were sixty-two concerts; in 1897, forty-three; in 1898, forty-two;

while in 1901 and 1902 the number was extended to 106. This year, the management of Queen's Hall having passed into other hands, the number of the concerts has had to be reduced to fifty-four.

Every year has witnessed a steady advance in the quality of the performances. Starting with the desire to possess the finest orchestra in London, Mr Newman allowed Mr Wood to select the best material available. The orchestra of nearly one hundred, playing together every night for weeks at a time, under a conductor whose thoroughness equalled his enthusiasm, soon acquired a unity of purpose, a discipline and polish impossible of attainment in a less permanent organisation.

The tendency of the programmes has always been towards a higher standard; and after a time one night a week was set apart for the production of novelties. The Promenade Concerts have afforded an opportunity for making experiments which could hardly have been risked with a less eager and receptive audience. A fair proportion of the programmes has been devoted to the works of little known, and in some cases wholly untried, composers, British and foreign. Of course there have been grumblings heard from time to time from individuals who desired to make these concerts the dumping-ground for the refuse of some particular school or clique. Occasionally, too, a novelty has been announced, which for various reasons is afterwards found to be unsuitable for performance and has to be discarded, a proceeding fraught with great bitterness to the composer and his friends, although it

may be only a measure of protective kindness towards the public. But, broadly speaking, a glance at the list of novelties produced by Mr Wood, which will be found at the end of this volume, proves conclusively that—allowing something for a naturally modern tendency—the selection has been made without undue favour to any school or nationality.

Mr Wood had long been an advocate for the adoption of French pitch, and on being appointed conductor at Queen's Hall determined to carry his convictions into practice. He was assured that it would be impossible to succeed where others had failed; but to youth and energy no difficulty is insurmountable. The use of English philharmonic pitch made it impossible to give correct renderings of works written for instruments at French pitch. Beethoven's Choral Symphony and Wagner's compositions were instances in point. Besides which, he saw from daily experience the disastrous effects of the higher pitch upon the voices of our vocalists. One of the greatest difficulties lay in the fact that many leading players did not possess wind instruments of French pitch. But Mr Wood solved the question by having new instruments specially constructed and lending them to members of his orchestra. In this way the battle was fought and won.

It is not generally known that this desirable end was attained by the generosity of a well-known medical man, a specialist in all that concerns the voice and throat. During many years' practice he

THE QUEEN'S HALL

had observed the disastrous effects of our high-pitch system upon the singers who were compelled to conform to it, and offered to finance a series of artistic Promenade Concerts on condition that the low pitch should be adopted.

The Promenade Concerts have had two great educational results—they have been the means of training a first-rate orchestra, and they have helped to form a large English public of unusual intelligence and catholicity of taste. The audience at the "Promenades" compares favourably with any similar concourse I have seen in France, Germany or Russia. Thanks to the admirable arrangements of the hall, the "refreshing" is done out of sight and hearing of the concert-room. No drawing of corks or clinking of glasses lend new and unexpected effects to the sensationalism of the modern orchestra. Whether it really adds to the enjoyment of music to hear it, like Satan, "in a horrid vale . . . involved in stench and smoke," is a question which the female pen must not dare to pose. Certain blocks of seats are reserved for non-smokers, and the smokers themselves are acquiring consideration for their immediate neighbours. The striking of lights is now rarely heard, as in the earlier seasons, during a delicate pianissimo or impressive pause.

These concerts have recalled to memory a number of masterpieces which were formerly only heard at long intervals. They have brought to light a few interesting novelties, and given the public opportunities of forming an opinion on works which were exciting comment and discussion abroad. It is

something to have been made so familiar with the music of Tchaikovsky and Richard Strauss. For this wide cosmopolitan policy we have to thank the firmness of Henry J. Wood. For what he has refrained from giving us we have no doubt equal reason for thankfulness.

It is an inspiriting sight to see the floor of Queen's Hall packed with an audience who will stand patiently through the longest concerto or symphony. To stand motionless for fifty-five minutes is a trial that might well extinguish all but the most impassioned ardour. But, as a writer in *The Academy* recently remarked, the word "promenade" has become, to Mr Wood's credit be it said, an entire delusion. This crowd will listen with intelligent interest to a Beethoven Symphony, a Tchaikovsky "Suite" or Strauss's "Heldenleben"—to any music, in fact, which appeals to our common humanity. There is more hope for our musical future in their indiscriminate enjoyment than in all the wisdom of the initiated. It is really better to have a vulgarised art than one which is an esoteric mystery, with a priesthood who must often be fairly puzzled to decipher their own hieroglyph. However, I am far from suggesting that Mr Wood has vulgarised his art; he has certainly popularised it, which is a very different matter.

We have been unjustly labelled unmusical as a nation. That we have appeared so is due more to the want of opportunity than the lack of capacity to appreciate good music. A nation cannot enjoy what fate persistently withholds from it. We have no

national Opera house, and until recently no popular concerts worthy of the name. I think one may also add that English musicians, as a body, have been extraordinarily lacking in enthusiasm and have looked at things too much from their own professional standpoint and too little from that of the public. The younger generation will enter into a wider musical life.

Under these circumstances it would be as untrue to speak of the Irish peasantry as "vegetarians" because they do not eat meat with their potatoes, as to condemn the English as unmusical because they do not go to expensive and exclusive concerts and are *en masse* completely ignorant of operatic music. The Promenade Concerts have proved how false is the charge that we have no music in ourselves. They deserve our gratitude because they have taken away our national reproach.

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III

THE SYMPHONY AND SUNDAY CONCERTS

THE success of the Promenade Concerts encouraged Mr Newman to begin a short series of Symphony Concerts in January 1896, with an increased orchestra of 103, again under the direction of Henry J. Wood. In the spring and autumn of the previous year, Mr Newman had engaged the famous Lamoureux Orchestra, which then visited England for the first time. The coming of the veteran French conductor and his musicians could not fail to exercise some influence on the development of Henry J. Wood and the Queen's Hall Orchestra. But this influence was not so great as it has been represented, and lay rather in the direction of method than of style. Lamoureux was not the first great conductor whom the young Englishman had observed, and from whom he had learnt a great deal by close observation. Richter and Mottl came much nearer his ideal as conductors than Lamoureux. Nevertheless, the amicable rivalry between the French and English bands was an excellent thing for the junior organisation. By the time Lamoureux paid his third visit, in the spring of 1897, the most friendly

and affectionate relations existed between their respective conductors.

The Lamoureux Orchestra had been established in Paris since 1873, and was accounted one of the finest in the world. It had been drilled with a fundamental thoroughness unknown in England at that time. Sectional rehearsals were then undreamt of in our orchestral organisations. This band possessed the qualities which can only be acquired by *permanence*—a disciplined alertness, untiring attention, precision, nicety of detail—all the virtues which habit confers and constant exercise keeps bright. As regards musical temperament and quality of tone, our musicians were quite the equals of the French players.

In the autumn and spring of 1897-1898 Lamoureux came again, this time without his own band, and conducted the Queen's Hall Orchestra. He had been a violinist before he became a conductor, and understood the immense importance of unanimity in bowing. With the exception of Ysaye, he was perhaps the greatest conductor of *strings* we have ever heard in this country. No band could pass through his hands without improving in this respect, but to suggest, as some writers have done, that he "made" the Queen's Hall Orchestra is hardly doing justice to our own conductor.

In 1901 there was an interchange of courtesies, Mr Wood being invited to conduct one of the Lamoureux Sunday Concerts in Paris.

During the spring and autumn of 1898 the Saturday Concerts, under Henry J. Wood, continued their suc-

cessful course, although at this time there was a good deal of fractious criticism of the programmes. But these concerts, which were run on commercial, not on sentimental or educational, lines, had perforce to draw the public or cease to exist. In spite of the rising fame of their conductor they had not at that time the prestige of a great name to support them. They were not fashionable, represented no cause, and had to lose or win entirely on their own merits. It was necessary to make tentative efforts to discover the taste of a new and unknown public, and if they preferred *toujours perdrix* in the form of a Beethoven Symphony or Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic," it was equally necessary to encourage them to come again. The subscribers to afternoon orchestral concerts in London are entirely different in taste and temper from the democratic and omnivorous public who enjoy a "Promenade." An afternoon audience resents experimental music. This is not so inexplicable as it sounds, because our afternoon audiences are largely drawn from those decorous middle classes who have been brought up to regard monotony as a sign of sound principle and novelty as something flighty and subversive of the moral life. These people do not crave for new sensations. They are like the out-patients at a hospital. If you administer an electric shock on one Saturday they will not return for treatment the following week. And who shall say they are not wise in their cautiousness?

In June 1899 Mr Robert Newman organised a "Napoleonic enterprise." This was the London Musical Festival, in which the Lamoureux and

Queen's Hall Orchestras took part. They were directed by their respective conductors, and played alternately in the afternoons and evenings, winding up with a concert at which the combined bands were heard.

From this musical tournament the English orchestra came off with flying colours. The Lamoureux band displayed their accustomed efficiency, their polished smoothness and neatness of phrasing, but many preferred the less formal and more glowing interpretations of the younger conductor. Lamoureux had the French vision in art—that is to say, he was greatly preoccupied with order and design. The emotion was there, but simple, symmetrical, and kept strictly within bounds.

Henry Wood's readings were fresher, more individual; and if they were sometimes overcharged with exuberant vitality and emotion, it was easy to excuse in the younger musician the fault of giving too much. The public, who had hitherto regarded him as a promising conductor, now began to think of him as something more. At this time some of his interpretations, such as Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" and Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphonies, and the "Funeral March" from *Siegfried*, attained a level of excellence he has scarcely surpassed since.

When the Paris musicians returned for the Festival of 1900 their great conductor was no more, and they came under the direction of his son-in-law, Chevillard. This time the combined bands played frequently together, and it was observed that Mr Wood obtained much better results from this large

body of players—about 200—than the French conductor.

In 1901 Colonne, Ysaye and Weingartner conducted at Queen's Hall during the season, so that the Englishman had no lack of competition to keep his wits bright.

The Festival of 1902 was well described as a "Carnival of Conductors," for Londoners had occasion to compare the styles of Weingartner, Ysaye and Nikisch. To conduct the final concert of such a series was an ordeal which a second-rate man would hardly have survived. But Mr Wood's freshness and energy carried him through. He whipped up a weary band and a satiated audience to renewed enthusiasm.

The Saturday Symphony Concerts have maintained their hold on the public favour. Each series has been remarkable for some special interest in the programmes. Thus, in the earlier schemes Beethoven was predominant, and the modern Russian school also took a leading place. Almost every year special Wagner concerts have been given, besides the usual Saturday concerts.

The season 1902-1903 was memorable for the introduction of five tone-poems by Richard Strauss—"Don Juan," "Till Eulenspiegel," "Feuersnoth," "Tod und Verklärung" and "Heldenleben." The programmes for the present season are chiefly remarkable for a judicious eclecticism, which gives breathing space for concert-goers after a very strong dose of Strauss in the spring and a considerable number of novelties at the autumn Promenades. The chief items of the current series are two Sym-

phonies of Brahms, two of Tchaikovsky's, one of Borodin's, and Liszt's "Dante" Symphony.

Besides the Symphony Concerts, yet another venture was started at Queen's Hall, the musical direction of which eventually passed into the hands of Henry J. Wood. The Sunday afternoon aud evening concerts fulfilled a long-felt want in London. The former are orchestral concerts of great artistic value. The evening concerts were choral, at which such oratorios as the "Messiah," "Elijah" and Gounod's "Redemption" were given by the now defunct Queen's Hall Choral Society. The Sunday Concerts were originally run by Mr Newman on ordinary commercial lines, but they were not allowed to proceed without strenuous opposition from the Sabbatarian party, and in 1898, the London County Council having refused to renew Mr Newman's licence, unless a clause prohibiting Sunday opening for profit was inserted, the enterprise passed into the hands of the Sunday Concert Society. Henry J. Wood was retained as conductor of the afternoon concerts, which have continued to provide elevating recreation for hundreds to whom it is the best day in the week for the enjoyment of music. This season the concerts have been literally crowded, which is the best justification of their existence.

In November 1899 Mr Wood visited Berlin to conduct the orchestra of the Philharmonic Society. Invitations to conduct concerts in Russia and Spain have had to be refused in consequence of his engagements at home.

In November 1898 Queen Victoria commanded

the attendance of Mr Wood and the Queen's Hall Orchestra at Windsor. After the concert, which consisted chiefly of a Wagner selection and two movements of Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" Symphony, the conductor was presented to Her Majesty. Struck, like the world in general, by his un-English appearance, the Queen demanded an assurance of his nationality from his own lips. Before leaving, the conductor was presented with a gold-mounted ivory baton, surmounted by a crown and the initials "V.R.I.," in memory of his visit to Windsor.

IV

THE MAN: HIS TEMPERAMENT AND HIS METHODS

So far, I have sketched an outline of Henry J. Wood's public career; it remains to look a little closer into his daily life and to discover the secret of his unbroken record of success. This lies partly in temperament and partly in method.

In the first place, he has that rare joy in his work which enables him to do it easily. Every branch of his profession—conducting, accompanying, teaching—claims in turn his whole-hearted enthusiasm. Whatever he is engaged upon becomes absorbingly interesting, because he views it in an ideal light. Consequently, for him there is no such word or thing as *drudgery*. His temperament has the buoyancy which makes the quest of perfection in art a glad rather than a painful thing. For most of us the pursuit is fraught with weariness and disappointment. Not so for Henry J. Wood. His ideals, armour-plated with common sense, take a great deal of rough usage without losing their vitality. Moreover, he has no false shame about his enthusiasms and aspirations, nor has he any difficulty in imparting them to others. He owes much of his success to this power of kindling interest in his own ideas and

hopes. A scheme, as propounded by him, is not a mere schedule of facts and figures. It leaps into life at once, with all its alluring possibilities and convincing results. If a question of resource arises he is ready provided; if the idea needs illustration his pencil is as quick as his intelligence. His fervour, combined with his practical insight, is compelling. Directly a plan leaves his mind it is as good as accomplished.

In spite of an engaging and sometimes almost boyish manner, his amiability covers an inflexible fibre of will not to be bent or broken. This is a natural safeguard to a man in his position. He follows his own instincts and judgments and is not easily influenced. If he accepts a conviction he does so with all the energy of his nature; if he rejects one, he does it with equal vehemence. It would be absurd, therefore, to pretend that he never made an enemy.

Looking through the vast amount of music, new and old, which he has brought to a hearing during the last eight or nine years, the conviction grows upon us that Henry J. Wood has one of the first qualifications for a great conductor—a taste which is, on the whole, wonderfully sure and broad. At times he has been rather severely criticised with regard to his choice of works. The question is difficult to discuss, because it resolves itself so much into one of individual opinion. But perhaps few people bear in mind, when judging a conductor by his programmes, that he is not invariably master of the situation and has to gratify other tastes than his own. Unless he

is running a series of subsidised concerts which have some distinctly educational or national aim in view, his first duty is to deal fairly and considerately with the paying public. The gentleman who vowed that his audience should hear Wagner's music until they *did* like it, deserved to lose the confidence of his public, and must certainly have lost that of his business manager, if he had one.

A conductor must be neither a pedagogue nor a propagandist. This does not mean that he should put the names of composers into a hat and draw them out with impersonal disregard for results. He is certainly justified, within limits, in choosing the works with which he feels most sympathy. He must have a hand light enough to feel the mouth of the public, but he must not jag at the bit. There will be times when he will be doing mere justice in giving an unpopular work a second or third chance; and again, if he has established a sympathetic current between himself and his audiences, he will realise when he has gone hopelessly beyond or beneath their standard of appreciation. Concerts are given for a variety of aims and reasons, for the most part too mysterious for investigation, the soundest of them all being to impart the greatest artistic enjoyment to the greatest number, while reaping at the same time a fair return on the original outlay. This commercial view will not satisfy the superior person. Yet I feel convinced that a series of programmes drawn up on the basis of the public taste—say by *plébiscite*—would have a greater artistic value than one built up by a committee of cultivated cranks.

State-aided schemes have not half the vitality of commercial enterprises. No one who has followed the history of State-subsidised concerts and opera abroad can have failed to see how frequently they have failed in their main object—the popularising of the best art. How many composers' lives have been embittered by the incompetence, prejudice or snobbery of a Hof-Intendant? In Russia—where I have followed the system most closely—it is a fact that some of the finest national masterpieces have only seen the light of publicity *in spite* and not *because* of this well-meaning official patronage. The frankest commercialism would do less harm to the wider interests of art.

Here in England, where individual initiative meets with toleration, there is always an alternative for those fussy individuals who believe that the public is being deprived of some necessary article of musical diet. Let the devout disciple sell all that he hath and run free concerts of his own; so he may supply the patent "frame-food" of his particular school to a stubborn and faithless world, who will only pay for what it can enjoy and digest.

But I must return to my point—which this digression is only intended to strengthen—that one of the secrets of Henry J. Wood's success lies in the fact that he acts as a sensitive and honest medium between his art and the public; not lowering the standard of the former, yet paying judicious attention to the requirements of the latter. The true secret of leading the public taste is to march in the front rank with it, not to goad it from behind with

perpetual reminders of its national obligations, or reproaches upon its falling off from standards which have become hopelessly obsolete and outworn.

Mr Wood's range of sympathy is very far-reaching and broadens continually. A few years ago doubts were expressed as to whether it extended back to Mozart, while it appeared to have left Brahms aside in the pursuit of more emotional and strongly-coloured art. Now, there is no doubt that it includes both these masters, as well as a number of realists and colourists who stand at the other end of the musical pole. To pretend that he has never been deceived in the value of a work, nor ever made an error in taste, would be to say he was not human. But one saving quality he possesses—that of self-judgment. Consequently he seldom repeats a mistake, and if, in his first impetuous rush for what seemed to him the ideal goal, he left something valuable by the wayside, he will not be too indolent or too proud to return for it directly he is convinced of its worth.

Another secret of Henry J. Wood's success is his gift of getting others to work with him rather than under him. He knows exactly what he wants and has the gift of lucid exposition. He is not satisfied with less than his full intention, but he arrives at it without undue fuss. Although he has imposed upon his musicians new methods which tend towards an almost meticulous thoroughness, they are with him to a man. They know that while he takes a full share of the work, he is willing to divide the honours. The gracious habit he has introduced here of

making his orchestra rise to receive the applause of the public, although I have heard it condemned as an affectation, is nothing more nor less than the outward sign of what he really feels—that those who contribute to his success should also take part in it.

With his friends and pupils it is just the same; no one minds working hard in the service of a man who never relaxes his own efforts until his object is gained. In a word, Henry J. Wood understands the true meaning and magic of co-operation in labour.

With the more intimate side of his character, that which belongs to his private rather than his public life, I am not actually concerned here. His friends do not praise him as perfect, because they feel sure that he still possesses latent powers that time alone can develop. He is one of the people—in reality very rare—whose growth one seems actually to feel and hear, so that intercourse with him brings a constant succession of agreeable surprises. To his intimate circle he appears lovable and sympathetic, an extraordinarily gifted personality, stimulating in serious moments, delightful in playtime, full of spirit and confidence, but untouched by the baser forms of vanity. Those who do not know him well lose the best he has to give, and perhaps no man needs a higher testimonial to his worth than the fact that his friendship grows more valuable with every year of possession.

Such a man is born for success. In all probability, however, he would not have attained it so early in life had he not possessed, in addition to these gifts

of temperament, the acquired virtues of industry and method.

Unquestionably an idealist, he is not an ineffectual dreamer. His aspirations are positive—things to be pursued and grasped, not merely sighed after and abandoned. No man has a keener sense of the importance of skilled craftsmanship, or is more alive to the danger of trusting to the inspiration of the moment. He believes that conducting, like all other branches of the musical profession, should be taught, and certainly must be learnt and practised. I do not for a moment suppose that his manner of conducting has not been duly considered; at the same time it is no more artificial than the attitude of a man who desires to convey all his personality by means of gesture and expression must necessarily be. There is a class of conductor whose dignified rigidity confines his attention entirely to the first violins. There is another whose fussy energy reminds us of the itinerant musician who plays upon six instruments at once. Mr Wood belongs to neither. His movements are the reflection of his quick and glowing temperament. It is just because they are natural that they strike us as rather freer and more vehement than those of the average Englishman. A man less naturally agile and alert could certainly not copy Mr Wood's style with impunity. It would be like the efforts of the clown to follow the graceful athlete through the hoop. That this agility is perfectly natural and easy to him no one can doubt who has watched his ways of doing other things.

He does not pose as "dignified" or "magnetic,"

and is always amused at the layman's belief that "the conductor's eye in a fine frenzy rolling" counts for much in the interpretation of a masterpiece. Far from being self-conscious, he would unhesitatingly sacrifice elegance to effectiveness if necessary. He has discovered for himself the best way of playing on his instrument, and nothing else concerns him.

Because of his belief in the religion of work, Henry J. Wood gives to every detail of it his close personal attention. Except a few medical specialists it is doubtful if any man in London gets as much into the twenty-four hours as he does. Not one of his talents is buried in a napkin. They are all bright with constant use and circulation.

Mr Wood has accumulated a splendid musical library. It has always been his desire to own the score and band parts of every work he conducted. All these are carefully studied and annotated. The bowing of the strings, the phrasing for the wind—all are marked by his own hand. He not only prepares the works which he has in rehearsal, but is gradually studying and annotating in the same way all the masterpieces which he might at any time be called upon to conduct. It is difficult to give an adequate idea of the time and labour bestowed upon this kind of work, especially just before a long series of concerts like the "Promenades," at which a number of compositions are to be given for the first time.

Then there are innumerable manuscripts: symphonies, concertos, symphonic poems and overtures sent him by budding geniuses, or, worse still, overblown and still neglected geniuses, all demanding

instant recognition due from a British conductor to a British composer. Many of these are, for various reasons, impracticable. The gifted neophyte will often make impossible demands upon the capabilities of even the most modern orchestra. Passages for wind instruments will appear in impossible clefs and so on. But many of the manuscripts require careful reading, and get it. I do not think that many incipient masterpieces are ruthlessly consigned to oblivion. On the contrary, in the case of a promising work which shows an inexperienced hand in orchestration, Henry J. Wood has been known to take great trouble in suggesting improvements—the strengthening of an effect here, the clearing of a muddy passage there—all the thousand and one niceties of instrumentation in which a conductor is necessarily a connoisseur.

Besides the revision and reading of scores and manuscripts, in ordinary times singing pupils follow in swift succession from breakfast to lunch-time. To spend a morning in Mr Wood's house is practically to know what is going to happen in the world of vocal music. Then there are the orchestral rehearsals for the Queen's Hall concerts, and frequently two or three extra rehearsals in the week for private concerts in which the band is engaged to take part.

It has become quite the fashion for a young instrumentalist to make his or her *début* in London with the assistance of Henry J. Wood and his orchestra. This is not surprising. Not only is he young enough to draw near to these beginners in sympathy and encouragement, but he is also a

remarkably fine conductor of concertos. No doubt his long practice as a vocal accompanist has something to do with this. He has that special tact which makes him mindful of the soloist's interests, while at the same time he does not allow the orchestral parts of the work to flag in meaning and spirit. The accompaniments of a classical concerto are too often made dull and perfunctory; those of a modern one frequently degenerate into a noisy struggle for supremacy between the virtuoso and the orchestra. Mr Wood neither drowses over the accompaniments nor extinguishes the solo instrument. I recall in particular some performances of Schumann's Concerto in A minor, Saint-Saëns's G minor Concerto, and Tchaikovsky's Concerto in B flat minor, which in every respect fulfilled one's ideal as regards accompaniment.

The thoroughness displayed in his preparation of scores and band parts extends also to his orchestral rehearsals. As regards tuning, he has adopted an admirable method. The orchestra assembles half an hour before a concert, each musician tunes his instrument, which has to "pass" the conductor before being taken on to the platform. In this way the public is spared that witches' prelude of cacophonous scraping and hooting which only the Shah of Persia considers the best thing in the programme, and the band starts, at least, with a uniform standard of accurate tuning.

The distribution of Mr Wood's orchestra at Queen's Hall is in some respects unusual. Instead of the ordinary arrangement of the strings—first violins on

London Stereoscopic Co. Photo.

THE QUEEN'S HALL ORCHESTRA

the left and second violins on the right of the conductor—he groups all his first and second violins, one behind the other, on his left, keeping on his right the violas and 'cellos. Mr Wood has explained to me his object in this departure from precedent. Generally speaking, an orchestral score contains a preponderance of passages in which the phrasing for first and second violins is identical. The same applies to a great extent to the violas and 'cellos. By grouping in close proximity those instruments which have the greatest share of identical phrasing, a much better *ensemble* is obtained. The players feel each other more sympathetically, and in giving a lead the conductor does not lose even that fraction of time which is spent in turning from left to right. This arrangement has also the advantage of bringing the violas to the front of the orchestra, and so giving more prominence to the tenor part, which is generally the weakest in proportion to the other strings. In Mr Wood's band the double basses are not arranged in a circle, but grouped behind the 'cellos on the right. At present the wood-wind is blocked in the centre, with the brass in rather more extended order behind it.

This arrangement is the result, so Mr Wood tells me, of hearing his orchestra conducted by other men. On those occasions he marks what seems to him deficient or exaggerate, and experiments until he gets a better balance of tone. If there existed a band perfect enough to dispense with a conductor, Mr Wood might be tempted to return to Spontini's method of allowing the wind and strings to sit where

they pleased. This would give an ideally blended tone, but no conductor could take in all the players in a large orchestra unless they were arranged in ordered groups.

Unlike so many musicians whose musical life is limited to the day's routine, Henry J. Wood's interests extend beyond his own doings. He never misses, if he can help it, any great musical event in London, the provinces, or on the Continent. Time is found for a flying visit to Leeds, Birmingham, Cologne, or Amsterdam, to hear any work that is new or of special interest. His enthusiasm for the achievements of other people is one of the most charming traits in his character.

Seeing his extraordinary activity, people often wonder if he sleeps, eats and rests like other mortals. Thanks to the unremitting care of his wife, his health —with one fortunately brief interval—has always been equal to the tremendous strain he puts upon it.

Music is nearly, but not quite, the whole of his life. He has other interests and recreations. As a boy he studied drawing quite seriously. Even now he knows what is going on in the world of pictures, and takes a sketchbook away on his holidays. He reads, too, about other things than music, and wherever he goes a volume of Ruskin is sure to make its appearance out of his pocket or travelling-bag. He is a good billiard-player, manages a punt as skilfully as an orchestra, and is fond of cycling. Those who picture him as suffering perpetually from nervous tension and over fatigue should see him coast from the top of Beachy Head with a stiff breeze in his wake!

V

HENRY J. WOOD AS ORCHESTRAL CONDUCTOR

WHEN we consider that Henry Wood's reputation has been made in spite of much competition, and has stood the test of close comparison with Lamoureux, Richter, Mengelberg, Weingartner, and even Nikisch—in a word, with all the leading Continental conductors of the day—it is surely time we ceased to discuss him as a "coming" man and frankly accorded him that place in the very front rank of his profession which is undoubtedly his due. Presumably we cannot believe in our luck in having produced a native conductor of the calibre of Henry J. Wood. How else can we account for such curious freaks of correspondence as that which recently appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* under the heading, Is Mr Wood a good conductor?[1] It is true that the replies showed an almost unanimous sense of appreciation. But the mere admission of such a correspondence into an important evening paper suggests a lurking scepticism which is by no means to be admired. Strange to say, this unworthy

[1] *Pall Mall Gazette*, October 7, 1903.

hesitation to accept Mr Wood as a "great" conductor is confined to a section of his own countrymen. Foreigners in London are far more generous and outspoken in their estimation of his merits. In the chapter on "Henry J. Wood and Vocal Art" (page 72), I quote the opinion of Herr Otto Lessmann, one of the leading German critics. "I expected an excellent *Capellmeister*, but you had not prepared me for a second Nikisch," was the verdict of a distinguished Russian musician who had experience of all the great living conductors, and had played under most of them. I could easily multiply such outside testimonies to Mr Wood's worth, but the day has surely gone by when we must wait for the *imprimatur* of Leipzig or Berlin before pronouncing a musical judgment of our own. At the same time, when we read so much of the renaissance and progress of English music, and side by side with it such grudging praise of our only English conductor, it becomes very clear where the spirit of patriotism in music draws its own lines of approval.

Comparative criticism of individuals has its disadvantages. The conclusions we draw from it must be dependent upon our personal estimation of the men compared. It remains, however, the surest method of arriving at a man's true place among his fellow-workers. I will therefore summarise the qualities which have come to be regarded as indispensable in a great interpretative conductor, and my readers must judge for themselves in what respect, if any, Henry J. Wood falls short of the

modern ideal as represented by such men as Richter, Weingartner, Mottl and others.

The modern interpretative conductor is the joint creation of Berlioz and Wagner. The former was the prototype of the "virtuoso conductor." He treated the orchestra as an instrument—the only one on which he could play. He insisted that the conductor, in order to play upon this greatest of all instruments, must have other qualifications besides those of the time-beater. He must be able to transmit his own feelings to his players and to be a guiding influence in emotion as well as in rhythm and tempo.

Berlioz exhausted his sarcasm on the conductors of his day, and winds up his treatise on Instrumentation with a picture of self-satisfied incompetence turning from a butchered masterpiece with a cynical "*Væ victis!*" Wagner is not less severe upon contemporary conductors, but his criticism is more re-constructive. When in later years he ceased to wield the baton, save on a few special occasions, he still cherished the hope of founding an ideal school in which singers and conductors might be educated to his mind. His scheme was never realised. "Nevertheless," says Felix Weingartner in his little book upon conducting, "Wagner passed on much of his experience and perception to younger men." Hans von Bülow was the earliest to profit by this knowledge, and his readings of the Beethoven Symphonies may be regarded as the first fruits of Wagner's celebrated essay, "About Conducting."

The functions of a conductor, as defined by Wagner, are to decide the tempo and to direct the attention of the orchestra persistently to the characteristic melody of a work. The one function is dependent on the other, "since," he adds, "the right comprehension of the Melos is the sole guide to the true tempo."

This is the letter of Wagner's intention. The spirit goes deeper, for it is essentially the same which enlightens all his writings on musical questions, and practically amounts to this—that music being the language of emotion, a conductor must interpret it in the light of feeling and expression. He must, in fact, use the same methods of interpretation as a pianist or singer would employ in a solo piece. The quality and degree of emotional eloquence which he infuses into his "reading" of a work depend as much on individual temperament as in the case of the singer or instrumental virtuoso. Here begins the vexed question of subjective interpretation, which, having been long since decided for the soloist, still crops up as a subject of acrimonious discussion for the conductor.

I confess I do not understand the attitude of those people who see a danger to art in this question of individual interpretation. Their case seems to be this: that the world now goes to hear the virtuoso, not the composer. But since it is an absolute condition of musical art that it must reach us through two mediums of communication—the instrument and the performer—how can it be otherwise? A musical work without a performer has the same

half-reality of existence as an unborn infant. Someone must bring it into the world—must compel it to utter those sounds which are the proclamation of life itself.

We have to accept music, then, on the terms of interpretation or not hear it at all. Perhaps we should not always be losers by such abstinence. "Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter," says Keats, with unconscious cynicism. We have often had occasion to feel the same, but only when the medium of communication has been painful or unsatisfactory. To talk about an "objective" interpreter of an art, the sole function of which is to express emotion and to make us feel, seems altogether illogical.

Music without subjective interpretation is the pianola and the orchestrion, the barrel-organ and the hurdy-gurdy; and although all these mechanical contrivances may be better than the *mis*interpretations of some singers, players and conductors, yet no one will seriously contend that the element of individuality should be eliminated, or even reduced to a nonentity, in music. As a rule, the complaints against individual interpetation in music come from those whose emotional gamut is very limited in compass, and whose emotional tone is of the thinnest quality. Such people are as out of place in the concert-room as those of low physical vitality are in the football field. In these days of specialism it would not be a bad idea to organise concerts especially adapted for such constitutions. It would give employment to a considerable number of com-

posers and executive artists of the mildly anæmic type.

If we trace backwards the memory of some great work—a piano sonata of Beethoven's, for instance—do we not find that the most robustly individual readings of it are those which have remained most vividly with us and given the greatest joy in remembrance? Who would forego these musical recollections stamped with the emotional impress of the men who created them for us—Liszt, Rubinstein, Von Bülow, Balakirev or Henselt? Then, if our musical life depends so much on this re-creation of dormant sounds by an individual medium, why should it be impertinent for the conductor to breathe his own life and warmth into the music he directs? Why need orchestral music reach us through colder or more impersonal channels than the rest? Granted that we need some sensitive medium to put us in touch with an orchestral work incarnate but unborn, then one of the first requisites in a conductor is individuality of temperament, by which alone he can reveal its intimate and hidden spirit. Of course in this process of re-creation his personal emotions should be restrained by tact and a reasonable sense of responsibility to the composer; but this need not be carried so far as to extinguish individual intuition and all passion. A conductor must be something more than the conscientious guardian of a composer's offspring. If he submits his will and conscience too slavishly to that intangible power, "the composer's intention," he is almost sure to fail in the most important half of his duty—to make the work a

living reality to those who hear it. After all, "the composer's intention" is a very undefinable tyranny. It is very precious to him so long as he fears for its abuse or misrepresentation; but what becomes of it when, as frequently happens in the history of art, an interpretative artist ennobles and illuminates a "composer's intention" beyond his own recognition? If he is wise he holds his tongue and accepts the child of his creation transformed as it may be by the hand of a beneficent fairy godparent.

There are natures strong by reticence, just as there are natures strong by eloquence and communicativeness. But it is difficult to see what part the former can play in an art whose function is the expression of emotion. As well set a blind man to paint frescoes as an inarticulate and unemotional man to interpret music. So, whatever pedants and conscientious objectors may say to the contrary, the really great interpretative artist is the one who can infuse the most of his soul's fire and his heart's blood into the silent and inanimate body of an unperformed score. He must wake it to existence with his own life, and urge it to fulfilment with his own breath until it palpitates and responds, "Be thou, spirit fierce, My spirit. Be thou me, impetuous one!"

Henry J. Wood is gifted to a remarkable degree with this power of transmitting his individuality to a work, of making it actual and convincing to his hearers. In this matter of vitalising what he renders I should unhesitatingly place him next to Nikisch among the interpreting subjective conductors. Perhaps at the outset of his career he was too unre-

strained in his expression of individual temperament. Every work he touched he stamped with his own image, and the result has been some readings which were startling in their exuberance of spirit and intensity of colour. They interfered with our traditional views and enshrined ideals, and shocked as though the sunshine had been suddenly let into a mortuary chapel. Yet undoubtedly this exaggeration of the personal element—which only pedants find it hard to forgive—had the great advantage of making the music more real and penetrating to the mass of his hearers. Many of his interpretations of a few years back, which struck fastidious spirits as somewhat crude and overwhelming, actually drove certain works home to a half-educated public, which, with less vigorous treatment, might have failed of all effect. He is certainly a great teacher, though not of the intellectual and pedantic order like Hans von Bülow. He demonstrates everything through his own feelings, and so reaches the heart rather than the head of his public.

VI

THE INTERPRETATIVE CONDUCTOR

IT was perfectly natural, with his temperament, that he should have been attracted at first by the kind of music in which dramatic feeling and passion were predominant. To say that he has been enamoured of colour, of movement strained to violence and emotion strung to frenzy; to say that he has felt the seduction of our complex modern orchestration with its inexhaustible kaleidoscopic effects, and has revelled in richness of effect, is merely to call him a vigorous child of his generation.

The course of his development as a conductor has been, as it were, inverted, and would have been impossible to a man who had begun his career ten years earlier; for his first triumphs were with Wagner and Tchaikovsky, and he is now working his way back to Beethoven and Mozart. This must now become the natural direction for a young man of ardent temperament and a born musical colourist. But although his sympathies are undoubtedly maturing, and continue to include works that at first failed to rouse all his enthusiasm, he remains in his musical outlook essentially a modern of the moderns. This

is as it should be. A conductor must interpret for his own day, and it is far more reasonable and practicable that he should bring a masterpiece out of the twilight of the past and set it in full view of his contemporaries, than that he should attempt to carry back a whole generation to a forgotten "atmosphere" in which they can no longer breathe at ease. Your born antiquary will shudder at this; but the public will never be antiquarian. It nurtures a robust faith that music was made for man, not man for music, and no more desires to return to harpsichords and viols and other obsolete instruments than it does to stage-coaches, perruques and rushlights. Such masterpieces as can be made to keep pace with us on the high road of progress will be carried forward with the moving generations; those that need antiquarian accessories and a historical revival must inevitably be left by the wayside. Though why it should be more sacrilegious to interpret a Mozart Symphony in a modern—that is to say, living—spirit than to restore a Romney, or look at one by the help of electric light, is a problem for which I can find no solution.

There are purists who would check any spontaneous emotional thrill in the rendering of Mozart's music lest it should disturb their anæmic ideal of this master. Mozart, these cultured bores are always impressing upon us, was as prim as a schoolgirl and as brittle as a Dresden vase. He was all eighteenth-century sensibility, and fainted when the brass played too loud in one of his overtures. That may be. He probably had some weakness of the cardiac

nerves. But perhaps he would have been equally overcome had he heard some twentieth-century interpretations of his own music from which a pedantic conscience has eliminated every charm and banished all that is human and touching. Mr Wood's Mozart seems to me unquestionably the Mozart who shone into the dark places of Tchaikovsky's heart, and softened and illuminated the poignant sadness of his melody. But the dramatic vigour, the warmth and gaiety of his Mozart interpretations no doubt seem quite brutal to those who respect the memory of this master by such decorous half-mourning effects. Their intention may be admirable,—

> "But oh, when I am dead may none for me
> Invoke so drear an immortality!"

Another composer with whom Henry J. Wood is not supposed to be in complete sympathy is Brahms. No miracle-working image of any deity has been made to play into the hands of his priesthood, and lend himself to so much insincerity, as has this genial and deeply human composer. It is often impossible to recognise in the ugly wooden idol invested with academical robes, smothered in the incense of false praise and labelled Intellectuality in Music, the kindly, sane-minded and earnest composer, whose emotions are profoundly sincere although they move slowly and bring us no sensational thrills.

In some recent interpretations Mr Wood has certainly dealt roughly with this idol of "intellectuality." But if he divests Brahms of his forbidding academic attributes, he gives us his human qualities

in exchange. It is impossible to be bored by Mr Wood's Brahms as we have been sometimes by ponderous and authoritative readings of his works. He gives all the emotional element in his symphonies, and a great deal of that quiet, deep-set poetry which is sometimes wilfully ignored in the determination to use Brahms as a cloak for the dulness of his disciples. We get also to the full that healthy and virile energy which are such marked characteristics of the First and Fourth Symphonies, while the dark and turbid passages in his instrumentation seem to gain something in transparency and brightness in Mr Wood's hands. In time his readings of Brahms, which are a little too spirited to be mellow, will gain the one thing needful to their ideal conception—an atmosphere of serenity which is at the same time far removed from dulness. It would not be surprising if he brought Brahms home to our common humanity and popularised him with Tchaikovsky and Richard Strauss.

There is but one opinion, I think, as regards Mr Wood's conducting of Wagner. His repertory includes all the well-known concert-room selections, and his readings are charged with emotional impulse and dramatic perception. So excellent is he in this respect that it seems a pity we cannot hear him conduct a series of Wagner operas. One of his finest Wagner interpretations is the Overture to *The Flying Dutchman*, to which he imparts a supernatural thrill and tragic intensity. That his irresistible nervous energy carries his audience off their feet in such a piece as *The Ride of the Valkyries* goes

without saying. This, like the third movement of Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" Symphony, appeals to one side of his temperament. Motion, flowing or spasmodic, suits him better than repose. No one can give a more realistic impression of the oncoming and passing away of rapid, overwhelming or riotous movement. Nor is he less impressive in his renderings of heavy and sustained motion. His interpretation of Siegfried's Funeral March from *Gotterdämmerung*, for instance, is both dignified and profoundly touching. The poetry and freshness of some of his performances of the *Siegfried* Idyll have dwelt long in my memory. In the *Tannhäuser* Overture he is less successful, to my mind. His choice of such a slow tempo—in this Mr Wood appears to follow the reading of Mottl—seems to cool something of its Mænadic frenzy. It is one of the few works that have seemed to me to last too long in his hands.

As a Beethoven conductor Henry J. Wood has far from said his last word. That he will make his full power felt here, as in the music of Wagner and Tchaikovsky, I feel no shadow of doubt. At present the Fifth and Ninth Symphonies have been his strongest efforts. He has given memorable performances of both, which bore the impress of his personality, and differed in many respects from what we have grown accustomed to regard as ideal readings. Probably our estimate of Mr Wood as a Beethoven conductor has suffered a little from the habit of comparing him with Richter, whose readings have now become traditional for many English music lovers. To them there is but *one* rendering of a Beethoven

Symphony, and they are ready to apply the final clause of the Athanasian Creed to whosoever differs from their point of view.

Having mentioned the name of Richter, I should go on to say that Henry J. Wood has the warmest admiration for this conductor, from whom—in common with all who have frequented his concerts—he has undoubtedly learnt a great deal. But the difference in years, in temperament, and in nationality, makes it altogether unprofitable to compare their respective readings of the same works.

Mr Wood himself feels that his Beethoven readings are still in process of evolution, and that every time he performs the C minor Symphony he sees some details in a fresh light, so that several years may elapse before a mature and definite interpretation shall have become crystallised in his mind. Indeed, I do not think the word crystallisation would appeal to Mr Wood. To him it would sound too perilously akin to incrustation and stagnancy and all the processes of which he has the keenest horror.

As regards the Ninth Symphony, Mr Wood is in complete sympathy with the choral ending, but thinks it rarely receives the ideal interpretation it demands. If a fine orchestral performance has to be followed by the singing of an indifferent or scratch choir, the impression of the earlier movements will be weakened, and, on the whole, it would be better to dispense with the Finale entirely.

With the works of Richard Strauss, Henry J. Wood seems to sympathise almost as closely and comprehendingly as with those of Tchaikovsky. When

he returned from Amsterdam, overflowing with enthusiasm for *Ein Heldenleben* and the rest, one felt sure that this complete assimilation of the Strauss genius would reveal itself before long in some wonderfully vivid and convincing performances of the tone-poems. He never wavered from the first in his estimation of these latest examples of the modern spirit. He had faith in them and insight into their profound psychological significance. To hear him talk of them and explain them awoke one's interest and confidence before one had heard a note of the music. He has given us nothing finer among all his readings of modern music than his latest performances of *Don Juan* and *Ein Heldenleben.*

In the former he keeps us at a white heat of interest, pity and terror. We are made to feel from first to last the tremendous import of this tragedy; to love, to suffer, to weary and to pass to annihilation with this grandiose figure, whose hell was assuredly on earth, since he carried the flame of desire and the worm of disenchantment in the heart of an idealist.

Personally Mr Wood's reading of *Ein Heldenleben* seems to me more intelligible and satisfying than that of the composer himself. The tempo of many of the melodies is less hurried, which lends more grace and poetry to the love episode in which, under Strauss's baton, the companion—represented by the solo violin—seemed often to find herself breathless in her efforts to be coquettish and alluring.

I have given a brief review of some of his greatest

achievements, but how much is still left unsaid! His work during the comparatively few years of his activity has covered so wide a field and been so universally excellent. From the past to the present day, from Haydn to Strauss; from the old world to the new, from Saint-Saëns, Grieg and Elgar to Edward Macdowell, everything he has touched has been set to the best of his ability in an ideal light. Can we refuse any longer to acknowledge him as a great and active musical force?

Besides individuality of temperament, another quality is expected from the modern conductor—individuality of tone. Even the same piano will respond differently to the fingers of a succession of pianists, and the same orchestra will produce a distinctly different tone-effect under different conductors. But the individuality of a conductor's tone is something much more definite and tangible than that of the virtuoso. Ysaye, for example, will get a quality of tone from the strings we never hear under anyone else. Nikisch's brass might come from a different world to that of any other conductor. With Mr Wood the "elegiac" tone of the violas receives a fuller value than in most orchestras. This may account to some extent for that phenomenon of "a large voice singing in the inner parts," which has been observed in the Queen's Hall Orchestra by a writer in the *Zeitschrift der Internationalen Musikgesellschaft*.[1] In what degree this individuality of orchestral tone depends on the conductor has been

[1] *Music in England*, by Charles Maclean. Jahrgang 1, Heft. 1, 2. Oct.-Nov. 1899.

HENRY J. WOOD

From a photograph by C. Pendry

admirably defined by an English critic in a recent article on "Orchestral Ensemble"[1]:—

"By his insistence on phrasing, on bowing, on reserve of force or the reverse, on his power of obtaining the most delicate pianissimos ranging up the dynamic gamut to the keenest fortissimo, he creates an individual orchestral tone. If he is wanting in will power, or wanting in the ideas which should set his will in motion, he will produce, even from the finest strings, a dull level *forte*—the collective, normal neutral effect of orchestral playing. With the brass and wood-wind there is just as much opening for the conductor's individuality, only here the individual player has more scope, as in solo work his own tone is not blurred by that of other instruments of the same timbre. Then there is the power of obtaining proportion. Some conductors allow their strings to soar away so that in *tutti* the delicate passage work given to the wood-wind goes for nothing; or if he be rather a charlatan, a conductor may bring out passages, say, for the double basses which will drown his violins. This proper proportion for the musical ideas to be expressed is the real *ensemble* playing of the orchestra; and concerning that *ensemble* I find that many erroneous ideas are current."

But although a conductor may get an individual tone from his orchestra, it does not follow that the quality of it will be rich or sonorous, delicate or brilliant, unless he himself has a clear perception of

[1] "Orchestral Ensemble," by Edward A. Baughan, *The Monthly Musical Record*, April 1, 1903 (Augener & Co.).

all the virtues which go to the making of really beautiful tone.

In vocal and in instrumental art, beauty of tone represents the *summum bonum* to Henry J. Wood. Consequently he has spared no pains to arrive at it in the Queen's Hall Orchestra, first by having regard to the quality of the instruments, and then by insisting on the individual capacity of the players. The quality of the strings at Queen's Hall is infinitely superior to that of any foreign or provincial band we have ever heard in London, and their excellence of *ensemble*, whether in cantabile or detached chords, is owing, no doubt, to the careful bowing of all the parts by the conductor himself.

In the wood-wind, where so much depends on the individual player, Mr Wood has been careful to secure the services of admirable soloists, and to encourage a spirit of virtuosity which would certainly shock the martinet conductor whose idea of *ensemble* is based upon the extinction of all spontaneity in his musicians. It was this lack of individual sentiment which left me so unresponsive to the well-drilled efforts of the Meiningen Orchestra. The conductor's government should not be a crushing autocracy. There should be space to expand and breathe, and even to feel, under the imminence of his baton. This beneficent and gracious sway of power is one of the secrets of Nikisch's art. I think Mr Wood shares it to the full, so that really good musicians find it as much an education as a drill to play under his direction.

The quality of the brass at Queen's Hall is actually

as fine as that of the wood-wind, although Mr Wood has been sometimes accused of abusing its colouring power. The average amateur critic invariably fixes upon "the brass" as a safe subject of comment. When anything goes wrong in that department it becomes evident to the least cultivated ear. The listener who would never detect an ugly vibration in a clarinet, for instance, can hear a slight flatness in the horns or roughness in the trombones, and is delighted with his critical acumen. He probably does not realise that the horns are the *enfants terribles* of the orchestra; there is no relying on their behaviour in company.

As a matter of fact, the Queen's Hall brass is not nearly so blatant as that of most German orchestras; on the other hand, it does not enter into Mr Wood's colour-scheme to subdue it to nonentity as Lamoureux did. We must bear in mind, too, that while the timbre of the brass instruments is improving in brightness and sonority year by year, the quality of the strings remains as before. It seems inevitable that before long the whole question of orchestral balance will have to be readjusted on a different basis from that which pertains at present.

Mr Wood is gradually making important additions to the wind instruments of his band, and improving those he has already. He has recently had made to order: four tubas, especially for his Wagner repertory; two cors de bassette and four oboes d'amor. He is very fond of compositions with interesting and unusual combinations for wind instruments, and has given several beautiful per-

formances of Mozart's "Mauerische Trauermusik," scored for strings, two oboes, one clarinet, one cor de bassette, two horns, and one contra-bassoon (*ad lib*).

Among Mr Wood's distinguishing qualities as a conductor is the remarkable rhythmic perception which is so lacking in most of our English conductors as to amount almost to a national deficiency. Our sense of rhythm seems distinctly limited, and anything unusual in the distribution of accent appears to disconcert our straightforward ideas. But if it be true, as Sir George Grove has said, that complexity of rhythm makes for ultra-emotion in music, perhaps the secrets of its subtle combinations and alternations can only be perceived by a musician of an exceptionally mobile and emotional temperament.

VII

HENRY J. WOOD AND RUSSIAN MUSIC

THERE is no more interesting feature in Mr Wood's career than the way in which he has assimilated the Slavonic spirit in music and given to the compositions of the New Russian School interpretations which breathe the very atmosphere and aroma of nationality. In his sympathy with this school, in his perfect comprehension of the *emotional realism* which lies at the heart of all Russian art and literature, he is at least as Russian as the Russians themselves.

His very external appearance is far more Slavonic than English. We may see his counterpart in the concert-rooms, laboratories, or university class-rooms of Moscow and Petersburg; wherever, in fact, the youthful and enthusiastic "intelligentsia" are gathered together, you will find a younger brother of Henry J. Wood among them.

Instances of this transmigration of nationalities have not been rare in literary history, although it is generally the spirit rather than the flesh that proclaims it. Keats, the son of a livery-stable keeper at Edmonton, was the re-incarnation of the

Greek soul. Heine must surely have been born half a Frenchman. Chamisso, of French birth and parentage, left the Germans a legacy of songs which breathe the true Teutonic feeling. So, perhaps, in Newman Street, some Russian *domovoi*, or house-spirit, presided at the birth of our English conductor. At anyrate it is to young Russia that we must look for any parallel to his fiery energy, and the unabashed enthusiasm which by hoping all things has realised not a few.

The writer of an article, "Recent Russian Music in England," in the *Edinburgh Review*, for October 1901, sets himself with some ingenuity to account for the "extraordinary boom" in Russian music which was started in England about five years ago. Two factors, he thinks, may have given an impulse "to this unexpected move" in the direction of Russian music. First, it seems to him probable that the Russian Mæcenas and music publisher, Mons. Belaiev—who ran a series of Russian concerts at the Paris Exhibitions of 1878 and 1889—may have used "his influence" to forward the cause of Russian music in England. This theory is easily disposed of. Mons. Belaiev never, by subsidies or other means, did anything to push the Russian propaganda in England; and this for the simple reason that—like most untravelled foreigners—he probably did not regard London as a musical centre worthy of exploitation. Besides which, Mons. Belaiev, as a business man, would certainly consider it better policy to let a genuine and unsubsidised enthusiasm effect in England what it may not have done in

Germany, and certainly would never have done in France.

The second reason brought forward in *The Edinburgh* to account for the spread of Russian music in England is the marriage of Mr Henry J. Wood to a lady of Russian birth. Of course, from time immemorial matrimonal alliances have changed the political destinies of nations, but instances in which a wife has affected the stream of tendency in art or literature are surely of rarer occurrence. If not, historians must find fresh reasons for the great points of departure in art. In the modern impulse which found its expression in Beethoven, in the reaction from romanticism to realism which gave us a Millet for an Ary Scheffer — *cherchez le mariage.*

It seems to me that the writer in the *Edinburgh Review* may be reasoning backwards. Might not Mr Wood's existing sympathy for Slavonic music— which originated with the performance of "Eugene Oniegin" in 1891—and his resemblance to her own national type, have been attractions in the eyes of a Russian woman? One thing is certain: much as Mrs Wood has done to make her native music known by her own singing, she has her husband's ultimate reputation too much at heart to influence him in favour of a narrow and short-sighted specialism.

But it is easy to explain why Russian music began to attract and interest the English public, and to show that it was in fact no "unexpected move" at all, but a logical development in the history of taste.

In due course every new vibration in the musical world abroad reaches us here. Strange as it may appear, there are still people in England who believe that they have recently discovered Wagner. Twenty years hence the same people will be pricking their ears at the mention of Richard Strauss. The formation of a National School of Music in Russia is one of the most recent phenomena in musical history. Originated about 1836, by Glinka and Dargomijsky, and revived in the sixties by Balakirev in one direction and by Rubinstein in another, this movement, from its starting-point in Eastern Europe, travelled slowly westwards and reached us rather later than Germany, Belgium and France. That it should reach all countries in time was inevitable, because it was too remarkable a development to be ignored. That it was more hospitably received here than in other lands is partly due to the fact that in spite of a small section of musical "Protectionists" we are less self-centred and, though slow, quite as receptive as other nations. But long before the compositions of the new Russian school arrived here they had attracted the attention and admiration of some of the choicest spirits in the musical world of Germany. Liszt, who, like Goethe, never grew intellectually hide-bound as age advanced, welcomed them for their freshness and sincerity. Von Bülow, who presumably knew dross from pure metal—and had no Russian wife to influence his convictions—received them with generous appreciation. Not only did he think highly of the more modern composers, but he paid the highest tribute

to Glinka, who, he declared, breathed the very spirit of Beethoven.

In Belgium the devoted labours of Countess Mercy Argenteau gave a kind of vogue to Russian music; while at the same time the note of gush with which she wrote of it rather hindered than helped its cause in the eyes of serious musicians. In France, where Russian concerts were frankly subsidised, the impression it first made does not seem to have been lasting, except in the case of a few musical specialists like Lamoureux and Chevillard, who thought very highly of the originality and masterly orchestration of the Russian school. But it never acquired the same popularity in France as in England. There the "Pathetic" Symphony is not a certain "draw" as it is in London; and not long since I observed that a French critic, referring to the "Casse-Noisette" Suite, spoke of the composer as "the insipid Tchaikovsky." Such criticism is almost enough to shatter "the alliance of hearts." But the most essential qualities of the Russian school would hardly appeal to French taste, since with them art, dramatic and musical, has always retained a certain classical formality which is inseparable from their point of view.

The responsibility of introducing Russian music into England does not belong in the first instance to Henry J. Wood—only the credit of making it popular. Before he took up the baton at Queen's Hall, Russian compositions sometimes found a place in the programmes of the Crystal Palace, the Phil-

harmonic and the Richter Concerts. To Sir Augustus Manns is due, I believe, the honour of first introducing a work by Tchaikovsky to the British public. But these isolated examples took no grip on the public taste; whether because the musical world was too pre-occupied with Wagner, or because the interpretations they received lacked the glow of enthusiasm and conviction does not greatly matter. Their time was to come. Tchaikovsky himself failed in England—as indeed on the Continent generally—to make any very profound sensation with his own works. Yet no sooner did Henry J. Wood give a performance of the "Pathetic" Symphony at Queen's Hall than it assumed a magnetic interest for the public. In his hands it acquired a penetrative force, an intense and emotional reality which were irresistibly communicated to the entire audience. And this is surely one of the highest functions of the interpretative conductor—to create that "æsthetic commotion" which for the time being fuses a mass of individuals into complete solidarity of feeling and impression.

There have been many readings of this Symphony —by Lamoureux, Manns, Mottl, Richter—a whole array of names which convey the assurance of poetical insight and sentiment. Yet no reading we have ever heard seems to me to bring out the temperament of the composer and the national temperament — both embodied in this work—so clearly as that of Henry J. Wood. The psychological drama which unfolds itself in the first movement—"the programme I never intend to ex-

pound," as Tchaikovsky himself has said—seems to contain much that is purely self-revelation, almost biography. In his letters he speaks of the tears he shed while composing it, and declares he expressed in it the torments of a hyper-sensitive soul, "such as cannot be put into words." Here we need an interpreter who will not be deterred by any false dignity from following these movements of intolerable suffering, of hopeless yearning and passionate regret, if need be, even to the verge of frenzy and hysteria.

Again, the second movement with its vigorous, characteristic rhythm (the folksongs in 5/4 time are nearly all suggestive of briskness rather than of languid grace); and the *allegro molto vivace*, which seems the response of a whole race to an urgent desire for movement and expansion, demand an altogether unusual energy and exuberance of spirit. Finally, the long *adagio lamentoso*, which, with its overwhelming weight of gloom and suggestion of fathomless obscurity, might stand as the musical interpretation of Claudio's speech in *Measure for Measure*:—

> "Ay, but to die and go we know not where;
> To lie in cold obstruction and to rot;
> This sensible warm motion to become
> A kneaded clod."

This asks for its strongest interpretation a mind which still has youth and courage, and stands remote enough from the last act of the tragedy not to shirk its complete and sincere realisation. With the exception of Nikisch, I know no conductor but Henry

Wood who is equal to these varied demands upon his emotional temperament.

If Mr Wood has endowed every bar of the "Pathetic" Symphony with such intense and vital significance that it has become for thousands the expression of their intimate spiritual experience, he has equally given soul and substance to another great work of Tchaikovsky's—the Fifth Symphony. During the last year this has become almost as acceptable to the public as the "Pathetic" itself. All the other symphonies by this composer seem to gain in interest and meaning when he directs them, not excepting the delightful Second, or Malo-Russian Symphony, with its peculiar national flavour, so different from the more positive and direct music of Great Russia.

As to the rest of the Russian composers of that school in which nationality is the predominating element, Henry J. Wood is not less successful in his interpretations of their works. Probably because of their exotic character they do not always make such a strong appeal to the public, but many of them have become favourites because of their rich and attractive orchestration.

If a man has at command a superb instrument like a first-rate modern orchestra, it is perfectly natural and legitimate that he should desire to show what can be done with it. Such examples of orchestration as Rimsky-Korsakov's "Capriccio Espagnol," the Dances from Borodin's opera, *Prince Igor*, the Overture "1812," or the "Casse-Noisette" Suite, offer the same temptations and opportunities to the virtuoso-conductor and his orchestra that a

Liszt concerto offers to the virtuoso-pianist. "All this elaborate dexterity of instrumentation and profusion of tone-colour only serves to conceal poverty of thought," cry the purists and moralists. This is not invariably the case; but, even if it were, concealment, at present, would be something gained. In music, as in dress, we owe it to society to cover our deficiencies; and a robe of many colours and elaborate embroidery is pleasanter to look upon than a figure of meagre proportions presented in all the simple dignity of the nude. Since the quality of inspiration seems to be running poor, let us be grateful for such mastery of the accessories as make it presentable and interesting. The secret of the success of Russian music with the English public lies in the fact that it condescends to be attractive and even a little exciting. But it would never have pleased, as it has done, had not some curious freak of fate given us a native conductor who was in complete sympathy with the spirit of it.

To a conductor of individuality and warm temperament, orchestral colour and brilliancy will always appeal strongly. To the audience, such show pieces as I have mentioned are the *entrées* and *zakouska* which relieve the more substantial courses. Deprived of them, some of us would share the feelings of poor Miss Bates in *Emma* when Mr Woodhouse sent the sweetbreads and asparagus away from table. Happily the rebukes addressed to Mr Wood on this point have been disregarded, so that we can still indulge our depraved appetites from time to time, when he and his band revel in the orchestration, rich, clear, piquant and exhilarating, of the New Russian School.

VIII

HENRY J. WOOD AND VOCAL ART

AT twenty-nine Henry J. Wood had fairly established his reputation as an orchestral conductor. It remained to be seen whether he was equally efficient in the handling of choral masses. It is well-known that success in one branch by no means implies it in the other, and that a man who can drill a choir into tolerable efficiency may fail to give even a moderately satisfactory rendering of a Beethoven symphony or a Strauss tone-poem, and *vice versâ*. Yet if we accept Wagner's view, that the conductors of his day failed to find the proper tempo because they knew nothing of song, then it follows that the ideal conductor is one who is equally endowed with vocal and orchestral perception.

Henry J. Wood seems to fulfil this primary condition of good conducting.

Before he came before the public as an interpretative conductor of symphonic music he had had, as we have seen, considerable experience in opera. He had also been a teacher of singing—the one and only branch of his art he has ever taught—and, in his own words, "as earnestly devoted to vocal as to orchestral art."

It was probably with a view of extending his experience as a choral conductor that in October 1897, while in the full swing of his work at Queen's Hall, he accepted the directorship of the Nottingham Sacred Harmonic Society. In the course of a year's work there, he not only put the choir on a very efficient footing, but founded the Nottingham City Orchestra of 100 members. In 1900 he was also appointed conductor of the Wolverhampton Festival Choral Society. Both these posts had to be relinquished in consequence of his increasing work in London.

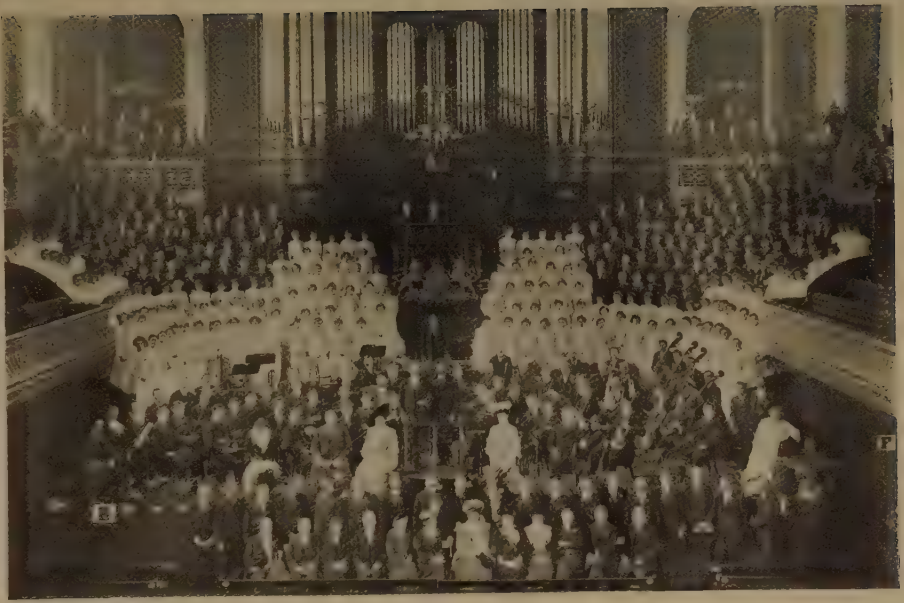
So far his most notable success as a choral conductor was achieved at the Sheffield Festival of 1902. It was on the occasion of the last rehearsal at Sheffield that he addressed the chorus as follows:—

"Words! Words are our masters! When you go to hear a bad opera at the theatre, and listen with rapt attention to the principal comedian, what attracts you? You are able without effort to hear every word he sings—therein lies the pleasure. You forget that he has no voice. Now think, when you are singing choruses at the Festival, what a delight to the public it will be if they can hear every word. Also, I want your faces to portray the whole range of emotion contained in the words you are singing. I must impress upon you that unless the nerve current sent from the brain to express feeling or emotion is shown upon the countenance, the vocal mechanism will be unable adequately to give effect to the expression intended by the words. All sincere emotion is expressed in facial nerve thrills. The

meaning of uttered words should be written on every face, for unless you can express feeling and emotion in your face you cannot express feeling and emotion in the tones of your voice. Your attention and anxiety must not be centred upon 'mere notes.' Try to sing words of scorn with an absolutely impassive face! You cannot do it; your voice will belie your words. See to it that you are living, and show that you have human pulses beating."

It will be interesting to quote the opinion of the well-known Berlin critic, Herr Otto Lessmann, upon Mr Wood's conducting at this Festival. After commenting somewhat sarcastically upon the methods of English conductors in the old pre-Richter days, he goes on to say:—

"In Mr Wood the English capital has now found a young native conductor who carries his vocation considerably beyond the late Sir Arthur Sullivan. If he is sometimes more animated in his movements than seems necessary when he has a well-trained orchestra before him, still he communicates a truly artistic spirit to the players, and by the help of his strong musical perception carries the band along with him, so that they follow wheresoever he leads, drawn, as it were, by the spell of his will and desire. Here we have a born conductor, a man with sensitive and vibrating nerves, who has made an intimate study of each work he performs, and breathes into them all a new tone-life. Mr Wood accomplished a giant's task at Sheffield, for besides the chief orchestral compositions he conducted the greater part of the choral works and solo pieces,



THE SHEFFIELD FESTIVAL CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA, 1902

and, in spite of all this labour, the freshness he managed to impart, even to the very last note, was something to marvel at. Two personalities now represent a new epoch in English musical life—Edward Elgar as composer and Henry J. Wood as conductor."

This generous tribute from a German critic to an English musician did not stand alone. The chorus of praise was almost universal, but, far from turning the conductor's head, those who know him well are aware that he was not even elated by his success. On the contrary, this Festival brought home to him very forcibly how far, for unavoidable reasons, such performances fell short of his ideal. Not that he had any fault to find with the response the chorus made to his wishes, nor, judged by the ordinary standard of these things, were they less well prepared than they ought to have been; but this experience confirmed his belief that choral training in England has become fundamentally lacking in system and thoroughness. The individual standard is not high enough. From this time dates his determination to realise a long-cherished desire to form a London choir which should approximate more closely to his ideal of what such a body should be.

It is a fact that while orchestral music in London has made remarkable strides of late years, choral music, once such a salient feature of English life, seems to have suffered a temporary decline. The work of Henry Leslie, John Hullah and others has found no continuators. The Royal Albert Hall

Choral Society, a large body of singers whose energies are devoted to works of heavy calibre, is almost the sole survivor of past glories.

In an interesting and unconventional circular, issued a few months ago, Mr Wood formulated his views on choral music, and announced his intention of establishing in London a select choir of one hundred voices. This has since become an accomplished fact. This circular is in many respects unique. It contains so much sound common sense and glowing enthusiasm—a combination quite characteristic of the man himself—that I cannot do better than give a *résumé* of the scheme it sets forth. The great drawback in existing choral societies is, Mr Wood believes, the want of systematic instruction given to members individually. Time at disposal will not admit of it, and the chief regard is necessarily paid to the general effect of the work in hand.

For more than fifty years, in Orchestra, with much care and patience, the *ensemble*, the expression, the colouring, the shading, the attack—effects which add so much to the influence and power of music—have advanced nearer to perfection. Latterly, thanks to Wagner, Hans von Bülow, Richter, Levi, Lamoureux, Mahler, Weingartner, Kes and Nikisch, the Orchestra has arrived at results which formerly were not thought possible. Choral singing cannot be said to have risen to the same level; excepting effects, such as *piano* and *forte*, *crescendo* and *diminuendo*, when does one hear real dramatic feeling, expression rightly given, or colour displayed in ordinary choral music? Expression includes the whole art, for, as truly said

by Rossini, "Be convinced that the Musical Art is entirely an ideal art—an art of expression."

After remarking on the variety of really artistic choral singing, or even pure chamber-music singing, and the consequent neglect of glees, madrigals and other choral masterpieces, Mr Wood goes on to say, "Why should not a best Choir be got together on the same principle as a best Orchestra—namely, by selection of the fittest—and trained on the same lines by constantly working together and desiring to achieve the best?" And here the all-important question of *training* comes in. "A student of an instrument, if properly taught, is taken through a technical course which embodies the chief difficulties likely to be met with in the best classics; thus should it be in the training of a choir, and the whole body of members should be treated as a band of instrumentalists, in the conviction that perfection of *ensemble* is dependent on the excellence of the individuals."

Then, as to the qualifications of these individuals, he continues :—

"There are many sympathetic and refined voices without power sufficient for large halls, and these have seldom chance or opportunity of studying classical choral singing, or improving themselves in concerted music; yet there are many works of the old masters which are heard to best advantage when given by such refined voices. A special study will therefore be made of *à capella* works, in confidence that the lovers of music will welcome their appearance."

The following definition of a perfect choir is, I venture to say, one that could only have been formulated by a conductor as well balanced on the orchestral as on the choral side:—

"A truly efficient or ideal choir is one comprising several smaller choirs, each complete in itself, to which special work may be delegated, whilst combining the whole body as occasion demands; and in this 'selection of the fittest' the emulation to achieve the best will be stimulated. Singers should not forget that they are to be players—*each a player on the instrument of song.*"

Coming to the practical working of the Choir, Mr Wood makes it clear that he only wants members who are as willing to work as himself. Whether engaged or not upon the special composition being rehearsed, they will be required to attend the rehearsals. There will be thirty choir practices during the season, a large proportion of which will be devoted to the separate rehearsing of the male and female voices. The Choir is at present in its infancy, but it is safe to predict its ultimate success. The quality of the voices selected is far above the average. Before each rehearsal Mr Wood gives a short lecture on the principles of voice production—vocal attack, the setting of tone, and so on. His intense interest in and love of vocal music show that his musical temperament is, in spite of certain superadded qualities, British at the very core. Henry J. Wood believes that at the present day vocal art suffers from the want of some natural and scientific basis on which to build it up. In painting, literature

and musical composition we still have our ideal models to which every new work is more or less referred. No matter how far the modern spirit may lead us, the basis is always there. Only in singing do we seem to have lost the very foundations of the art. Individual theories, like so many will-o'-the-wisps, beset the singer's path wherever he turns. Originality of inspiration is one thing; original methods of teaching are too apt to degenerate into quackery and eccentricity. The singing-masters who produce voices out of all parts of the human body—as jugglers produce paper fans and rabbits from all parts of a room—seldom turn out a beautiful or natural instrument. It is almost as grievous to think of the lost voices, ruined and annihilated by bad teaching, as of the lost souls in the world. Things will not improve until we reconstruct an art of singing—something defined and solid, built up, like the old Italian school, out of simple, natural, yet perfectly scientific, elements.

Acting on this conviction, Mr Wood asks his choir to go back to the beginning of things. The short addresses with which he prefaces his rehearsals will, I sincerely hope, be published some day for the use of the world at large. Succinct, admirably clear, and based on profound experience, they bear out the dictum of a great French writer—"*Plus on sait, plus on simplifie.*" At each rehearsal a fresh point is discussed and explained, with the help of diagrams, so that gradually each member of the Choir will be in possession of a true and natural system of voice production, while the general effect will be a beauty and

unity of tone impossible in ordinary choirs, where each member sings upon his or her method, however vicious or defective.

Simple vocalisations followed by one or two madrigals or part-songs are all that Henry J. Wood expects from his choir in these early days. It is certain, however, that we may look eventually for very perfect and delicate renderings of choral works. But this will not be until Mr Wood is satisfied that he has given to all his singers as great a command of their voices as his orchestral players have of their instruments.

These are indeed counsels of perfection. Some will consider such ideal aims a dream of visionary youth unattainable by ordinary mortals. We are so easily satisfied with the second best. But three things are in favour of the realisation of the scheme: Mr Wood's contagious enthusiasm; his willingness to share the labours equally with the success of those who work for him; and finally, his fixed determination *never to leave anything to chance.* So we may be sure that before long another of his wishes will be accomplished, and that "concerts of *à capella* music, and choral works from the great store of vocal art treasures, will become as attractive to music-lovers as the present Wagner and Tchaikovsky Orchestral Concerts." This signifies nothing less than a complete revival of the essentially national art of choral singing. When that is effected we shall, if we are generous, place a double crown of bays on the head that has planned and carried out so much—not for the glorification of

a false patriotism, but for the true advancement of music in England.

The past career of Henry J. Wood has been brief but effectual; his present is full to overflowing with constructive activities; his future, I am convinced, can be summed up in two words—continual development.

One may be permitted to lift a corner of the veil which conceals his hopes and ambitions for the years to come. Besides the training of the Select Choir, now on the road to accomplishment, he has ideas and plans for a model concert-hall which may some day house a permanent orchestra. He has also in his mind a scheme for some ideal concerts, to consist partly of *à capella* vocal music and partly of chamber music. For these concerts, which would aim at very artistic and finished performances of music which is comparatively rarely given, Mr Wood could utilise small sections of his choir and orchestra. The Queen's Hall Wind Quintet, with Mr Wood at the piano, is already winning repute for its delicate and polished performances of the Mozart Quintets for pianoforte, oboe, clarinet, horn and bassoon, and other kindred compositions. It may therefore be reasonably hoped that such a series of chamber concerts, which would appeal to all musical connoisseurs, will actually take place before long.

Mr Wood has been looking forward for many years to the day when he could give such performances of Bach's "Matthew Passion," the "Easter Oratorio" and the "Christmas Oratorio" as would satisfy his own fastidious ideal. For this task he has been

preparing his scores for the last five years, and his edition of the "Matthew Passion" is now complete. Existing editions do not meet all his practical requirements. These performances, when they take place, will aim at perfection of detail without any suppression of the emotional qualities of the works. They will be re-creative and modern, not "historical" in the antiquarian sense. This method of preparing his own scores is one on which Henry J. Wood lays the greatest stress. He has five different editions of the "Messiah" from which he has conducted the rehearsals of the Nottingham Choir; and the score which he intends to use at the Sheffield Festival of 1905 will sum up all the results of years of study and practical experience.

Having reviewed the work of the last eight years, I am surely justified in my hopes for those that still lie before him. His whole life is set to one end—progress—moral, intellectual and musical. What his energies are bent upon he is sure to achieve, for his courage never flags; nor is there any danger of his acquiring a kind of spiritual portliness with middle age. But should he fail to accomplish some or any of the tasks he has set himself, he has already done what would suffice for the life-work of most men. Henry J. Wood is the democratic force in music. His greatest service to his art and his country lies undoubtedly in the fact that he has liberated music from its exclusive sphere and offered it to the people.

A LIST OF WORKS

PERFORMED BY HENRY J. WOOD AND THE QUEEN'S HALL ORCHESTRA FOR THE FIRST TIME IN LONDON OR ENGLAND.

1895—1903.

LIST OF WORKS.

THE following list of novelties performed by Henry J. Wood has been prepared with all possible care from the programmes of the Symphony, Promenade, and Sunday Concerts. At the same time, as it is the first attempt to draw up a separate list of the new works produced under his direction, a few errors may have been made. Works without any letter appended were produced for the first time in any country. Works marked E, for the first time in England. Those marked L, for the first time in London. It must be clearly understood that London, in this list, excludes the Crystal Palace Concerts at Sydenham.

AMERICAN.

MacDowell, Edward. "Indian Suite." Op. 48. Prom., Oct. 23, 1901. (E.)

BELGIAN.

Depret, E. Requiem Mass. Sym. Con., Dec. 10, 1898. (E.)

Swert, Jules de. Concerto for 'cello, No. 2, C minor. Op. 38. Prom., Sept. 18, 1902. (E.)

Ysaye, Eugène. Poème No. 3, "Chant d'Hiver." Caprice for violin and orchestra. Ysaye Con., May 18 1901. (L.)

BRAZILIAN.

Miguéz. Symphonic Poem, "Avè Libertas." Op. 18. Prom., Sept. 12, 1899. (E.)

BRITISH.

Ames, J. C. Petite Suite for Orchestra. Prom., Nov. 28, 1896.

—— March, "Last of the Incas." Prom., Oct. 5, 1901.

Ashton, Algernon. Turkish March, "Bag and Baggage." Prom., Oct. 18, 1900. (L.)

Bainton, Edward. Symphonic Poem, "Pompilia." Prom., Oct. 8, 1903

Bantock, Granville. Orchestral Poem, "Thalaba the Destroyer." Fest. Con., May 4, 1900. (L.)

—— Suite, "Russian Scenes." Prom., Oct. 3, 1903. (L.)

Bell, W. H. Symphonic Poem, "A Song of the Morning." Prom., Oct. 29, 1901.

Blake, Ernest. Symphonic Poem, "Alastor." Prom., Jan. 21, 1902.

—— Introduction to "The Bretwalda." Prom., Sept. 15, 1903.

Boughton, Rutland. Symphonic Poem, "Into the Everlasting." Op. 9. Prom., Sept. 22, 1903.

Bowen, York. Symphonic Poem, "Lament of Tasso." Prom., Sept. 1, 1903.

Bright, Dora. "Liebeslied." Prom., March 6, 1897.

Bunning, Herbert. "Shepherd's Call." Prom., Aug. 28, 1895.

—— Suite Villageoise. Op. 45. Prom., Sept. 25, 1897. (L.)

Clutsam, G. H. Carnival Scenes. Prom., Sept. 11, 1895.

Cobb, Gerard. Romance for Orchestra. Prom., Oct. 31, 1901. (L.)

Coleridge-Taylor, S. Four Characteristic Waltzes. Prom., Sept. 22, 1898. (L.)

—— Overture, "Song of Hiawatha." Fest. Con., May 3, 1900. (L.)

—— "Toussaint l'Ouverture." Sym. Con., Oct. 26, 1901.

Coverley, Robert. Four Sketches for Orchestra. Prom., Sept. 27, 1899. (E.)

Cowen, Frederic. Overture, "Butterfly's Ball." Sym. Con., March 2, 1901.

—— Orchestral Poem, "A Fantasy of Life and Love." Sym. Con., Nov. 23, 1901. (L.)

—— Indian Rhapsody. Prom., Oct. 1, 1903. (L.)

Cox, G. W. Pastoral Suite, "Ewelme." Op. 2. Prom., Sept. 10, 1903.

Crowther. Concertstück for piano and orchestra. Prom., Sept. 27, 1899. (E.)

Elgar, Edward. Three Bavarian Dances. Op. 27. Prom., Oct. 11, 1898. (L.)

—— Meditation, "Lux Christi." Fest. Con., May 9, 1899. (L.)

—— "Chansons de Nuit et de Matin." Op. 15. Prom., Sept. 14, 1901. (L.)

—— "Elevation" in B flat. Op. 11. First concert performance. Prom., Sept. 21, 1901. (L.)

—— Two Military Marches. Op. 39. Prom., Oct. 22, 1901. (L.)

—— Prelude and Angels' Farewell ("Dream of Gerontius"). Op. 38. Sym. Con., Feb. 20, 1901. (L.)

—— Incidental music to "Diarmid and Grania." First Concert Performance. Sym. Con., Jan. 18, 1902.

Elvey, George. Gavotte á la mode Ancienne. Prom., Dec. 5, 1896.

Esposito. Cantata "Deirdre." Sym. Con., Feb. 26, 1898. (L.)

Farjeon, H. Concerto in D, piano and orchestra. Prom., Sept. 3, 1903. (L.)

Ford, E. "Scenes des Bacchanales." Prom., Jan. 16, 1897.

Forsyth, C. Concerto G minor, viola and orchestra. Prom., Sept. 12, 1903.

Fox, G. Fantasia, "The Boy and the Butterfly." Prom., Nov. 6, 1900.

Frewin, T. H. Descriptive Overture, "The Battle of Flowers." Prom., Aug. 31, 1895.

—— Ballade for orchestra, "Mazeppa." Prom., Sept. 26, 1896.

—— Sketches for orchestra, "The Seven Ages of Man." Prom., Sept. 10, 1897.

—— Overture, "Bellona." Prom., Oct. 13, 1898.

Gatty, N. Concert Allegro for piano and orchestra. Prom., Oct. 6, 1903.

German, Edward. Bourrée, Gigue and Minuet from "Much Ado About Nothing." First concert performance. Prom., Oct. 1, 1898.

—— Three Dances from "Nell Gwyn." First concert performance. Prom., Sept. 20, 1900.

—— Symphonic Poem, "Hamlet." Sym. Con., Oct. 29, 1898. (L.)

Holbrooke, Josef. Variations for orchestra on "Three Blind Mice." Op. 48. Prom., Nov. 8, 1900.

—— Tone picture, "The Skeleton in Armour." Prom., Sept. 6, 1902. (L.)

—— Concerto dramatique, piano and orchestra. Prom., Aug. 27, 1903. (L.)

Horrocks, Amy E. Orchestral Legend, "Undine." Prom., Feb. 6, 1897.

Horrocks, Amy E. Orchestral Ballad, "The Romaunt of the Page." Prom., Oct. 6, 1899.

Lucas, Clarence. Minuet from comedy, "Anne Hathaway." Prom., Oct. 2, 1896.

—— Overture, "Othello." Prom., Sept. 20, 1898.

—— Overture, "As You Like It." Prom., Sept. 20, 1899.

—— Overture in D, "Macbeth." Op. 30. Prom., Sept. 28, 1901. (E.)

Macbeth, Allan. Serenata for strings. Prom., Sept. 22, 1896. (L.)

Mackenzie, A. C. Recitation with orchestra, "Eugene Aram." Prom., Oct. 2, 1895. (L.)

—— Three Dances (Entr'actes) from "The Little Minister." First concert performance. Sym. Con., Feb. 5, 1898.

O'Neill, Norman. Overture, "In Autumn." Prom., Oct. 26, 1901.

Parry, C. Hubert H. Magnificat for soprano solo, chorus and orchestra. Sym. Con., Feb. 19, 1898. (L.)

Pitt, Percy. New Suite in four movements. Prom., Aug. 25, 1895.

—— Coronation March. Prom., Sept. 23, 1896.

—— Miniature Suite, "Fêtes Galantes." Prom., Dec. 12, 1896.

—— Concertino in C minor for clarinet and orchestra. Prom., Oct. 9, 1897.

—— Overture, "The Taming of the Shrew." Sym. Con., March 12, 1898.

—— Air de Ballet for strings. Prom., Sept. 9, 1899.

—— Suite, "Cinderella." Prom., Oct. 14, 1899.

—— Ballade for violin and orchestra. Sym. Con., Feb. 24, 1900.

Pitt, Percy. Symphonic Prelude, "Le Sang des Crépuscules." Fest. Con., April 30, 1900.
—— Ballet Suite, "Dance Rhythms." Prom., Nov. 7, 1901.
—— Suite, "Paolo and Francesca." First concert performance. Fest. Con., April 28, 1902.
—— Three old English Dances, "King Richard II." First concert performance. Prom., Oct. 22, 1903.
Reed, W. H. Valse Brillante. Prom., Sept. 22, 1898.
—— Overture, "Touchstone." Prom., Oct. 17, 1899.
—— Valse Elégante. Prom., Oct. 30, 1900.
—— Symphonic Poem, "Among the Mountains of Cambria." Prom., Feb. 1, 1902.
Ronald, Landon. Suite de Ballet. Prom., Nov. 3, 1900.
Roze, Raymond. New Suite, "Sweet Nell of Old Drury." First concert performance. Prom., Oct. 19, 1901.
Scott, Cyril. Symphony No. 1 A minor. Op. 22. Prom., Aug. 25, 1903.
Squire, W. H. Entr'acte for orchestra, "Summer Dreams." Prom., Sept. 4, 1897.
—— Entr'acte, "Sweet Briar." Prom., Sept. 24, 1898.
—— Entr'acte, "Slumber Song." Prom., Sept. 16, 1899.
Stanford, Villiers, C. Suite of Dances orchestrated by composer. Prom., Aug. 28, 1895.
Steggall, Reginald. Dramatic Prelude, "Oreithyia." Prom., Oct. 24, 1901.
Vicars, Harold. Prelude, "Rosalind." Prom., Oct. 2, 1895.
Wallace, Sutcliffe. Two Dances for orchestra. Prom., Oct. 12, 1899. (L.)
Wallace, William. Suite, "Pélléas and Mélisande." Prom., Sept. 8, 1903. (L.)

Waud, J. Haydn. Comedy overture. First performance in original form. Prom., Oct. 9, 1899.

West, J. E. Recitation with orchestra, "King Robert of Sicily." Prom., Oct. 8, 1896.

Wood, Arthur H. Suite for orchestra. Prom., Sept. 30, 1902. (L.)

Woods, F. Cunningham. Suite in F for small orchestra. Prom., Sept. 19, 1901.

DUTCH.

Averkamp. Symphonic Ballad, "Elaine and Lancelot." Prom., Aug. 28, 1902. (E.)

Blockx, Jan. Five Flemish Dances. Prom., Sept. 6, 1899. (E.)

Hollander, B. Fantasie Pastorale, for violin and orchestra. Op. 26. Sym. Con., Feb. 24, 1900. (E.)

FINNISH.

Järnefelt, Armas. Symphonic Poem, "Korsholm." Prom., Sept. 18, 1902. (E.)

Sibelius, Jean. Suite for Orchestra, "King Christian II." Prom., Oct. 26, 1901. (E.)

—— Symphony No. 1, E minor. Prom., Oct. 13, 1903. (E.)

FRENCH.

Bourgault-Ducoudray. Prelude to Act II., "Thamara." Prom., April 3, 1897. (E.)

—— Suite of Greek Dances, "Le Carnaval d'Athènes." Sunday Con., Feb. 17, 1901. (E.)

Bruneau, Alfred. Four preludes from "l'Ouragon." Prom., Sept. 4, 1902. (E.)

Chabrier, E. "Joyeuse March." Prom., Sept. 12, 1896. (E.)
—— Slavonic march from "Le Roi malgré lui." Prom., Sept. 19, 1896. (E.)
Chaminade, Cécile. Suite d'orchestre, "Callirhoë." Prom., Sept. 3, 1896. (E.)
Chausson, Ernest. Symphonic Poem, "Viviane." Sym. Con., May 31, 1900. (L.)
Délibes, Léo. Polonaise and ballet music from "Kassya." Prom., Jan. 9, 1897. (L.)
Dubois, Théodore. Three orchestral pieces from "Xavière." Prom., Sept. 5, 1896.
Erlanger, F. D. d'. Second Suite Symphonique. Prom., Sept. 18, 1895.
Fauré, Gabriel. Suite, "Pélléas et Mélisande." First concert performance. Prom., Sept. 18, 1902.
Franck, César. Symphonic Poem, "Le Chasseur Maudit," Sym. Con., March 20, 1897. (E.)
—— Variations Symphoniques for piano and orchestra. Prom., Oct. 23, 1902. (E.)
Guilmant, A. March Fantasia. Op. 44. Prom., Sept. 10, 1896. (L.)
Indy, Vincent d'. Chansons et Danses. Op. 50. Prom., Sept. 23, 1899. (E.)
—— Trilogy, "Wallenstein." Parts 2 and 3. Prom., Sept. 2, 1902. (E.)
—— Entr'acte, "L'Etranger." Prom., Oct. 23, 1903. (E.)
Itasse, Léon. Rhapsodie Espagnole. Prom., Oct. 8, 1896. (E.)
Joncières, Ballet music from "Le Chevalier Jean." Prom., Nov. 14, 1896. (L.)
Lalo, Edouard. Suite for orchestra, "Namouna." Prom., Oct. 24, 1896. (E.)
—— Second Suite for orchestra, "Namouna." Prom., Oct. 9, 1900. (E.)

Lenormand. Concerto F minor for piano and orchestra. Prom., Oct. 1, 1903. (E.)
Litolf. Scherzo from Piano Concerto D minor. Op. 102. Sym. Con., June 19, 1897. (E.)
Massenet. Overture, "Phèdre." Prom., Oct. 2, 1895. (L.)
—— Meditation from Opera, "Thaïs." Prom., Aug. 21, 1895. (L.)
—— Overture to "Le Cid." Prom., Oct. 1, 1896. (E.)
—— Rhapsodie and March du Cid. Prom., Oct. 3, 1896. (E.)
—— Suite, "Scènes Hongroises." Prom., Oct. 13, 1898. (L.)
—— Suite "Les Erinnyes." Sunday Con., Jan. 8, 1899. (E.)
—— Ballet music from "Hérodiade." Prom., Sept. 21, 1899. (L.)
—— "Le Sommeil de Cendrillon" and Menuet. Prom., Sept. 11, 1899. (E.)
Pierné, G. Suite, "Izéyl." Prom., Jan. 23, 1897. (E.)
Rabaud, H. Eglogue, "Poème Virgilien." Op. 7. Prom., Sept. 21, 1899. (E.)
Saint-Saëns, C. Prelude et Cortège from "Déjanire." Prom., Sept. 5, 1899. (E.)
—— Overture, "Les Barbares." Sym. Con., Dec. 7, 1901. (E.)
Thierot, F. Sinfonietta in E. Op. 55. Prom., Nov. 7, 1896. (E.)
Tinel, E. Overture, "Godoleva." Prom., Sept. 27, 1900. (E.)

GERMAN.

Albert, Eugène d'. Concerto for 'cello and orchestra. Op. 20. Sunday Con., Jan. 20, 1901. (L.)

Becker, Hugo. Concerto in A for 'cello. Prom., Sept. 30, 1903. (L.)

Becker, Reinhold. Huldigung's marsch. Act III., "Frauenlob." Prom., Sept. 29, 1897. (E.)

Beethoven. Duet in G for two flutes. Prom., Nov. 9, 1900. (E.)

Bruch, Max. New Suite for violin and orchestra. Nov. 2, 1903. St James's Hall Concert.

Dittersdorf. Symphony, "Actæon." Prom., Oct. 20, 1899. (E.)

Draeseke, F. Tragic Symphony, No. 3 in C. Op. 4. Sym. Con., Feb. 27, 1897. (E.)

Floersheim. Miniature Suite for orchestra. Prom., Oct. 8, 1901. (E.)

Goetz. Ouverture "Francesca da Rimini." Prom., Oct. 29, 1902. (L.)

Goldmark. Introduction to Act II. of "Die Kriegsgefangene." Prom., Sept. 19, 1899. (E.)

Frischen, J. Mood Picture, "Herbsnacht" and a Rhenish Scherzo. Prom., Oct. 11, 1902. (E.)

Händel. Concerto in F for two wind orchestras. Prom., Oct. 1, 1903. (E.)

Hartmann, E. Overture, "Runenzauber." Prom., Sept. 14, 1897. (E.)

Haydn, Michael. Symphony in C. Op. 1, No. 3. Prom., Sept. 14, 1899. (E.)

Huber, Hans. Symphony No. 2, E minor. Op. 115. Prom., Jan. 31, 1902. (E.)

Humperdinck. Introduction, Act II., to "Hellafest" and "Kinder-reigen" (Königskinder). Sym. Con., Feb. 27, 1897. (E.)

Kistler, Cyrill. Chromatic concert valses from "Eulenspiegel." Prom., Aug. 10, 1895. (L.)

—— March, "Festklange." Prom., Sept. 23, 1895. (E.)

Kistler, Cyrill. Festmarsch for Orchestra. Op. 44. Prom., Sept. 19, 1896. (E.)

Klughardt. Festival Overture. Op. 54. Prom., Oct. 17, 1901. (E.)

Koessler, Hans. Symphonic Variations. Prom., Jan. 28, 1902. (E.)

Mahler. Symphony No. 1 in D. Prom., Oct. 21, 1903. (E.)

Moskowski. "Malaguena" (Introduction and Ballet music to "Boabdil"). Prom., Aug. 28, 1895. (L.)

—— Introduction, dance of Fairies and March of Dwarfs from Ballet "Laurin." Op. 53. Prom., Sept. 17, 1896. (E.)

—— Polish Dances for orchestra. Prom., Oct. 7, 1899. (E.)

Mozart. Allegro in D (last movement of a Symphony). Ysaye Con., May 17, 1900. (E.)

Nicodé. Symphonic Variations, E minor. Prom., Sept. 10, 1896. (L.)

Raff. Concerto for 'cello and orchestra. Op. 123. Prom., Oct. 22, 1903. (L.)

Schillings, Max. Symphonic Prologue, "King Œdipus." Prom., Sept. 27, 1902. (E.)

Schumann, George. Dance from "Amor and Psyche." Prom., Oct. 24, 1901. (E.)

—— Symphonic Variations on Chorale, "Wer nur den lieben Gott." Prom., Jan. 23, 1902. (E.)

—— Overture, "Liebesfrühling." Prom., Jan. 25, 1902. (E.)

Schytte, L. Concerto for piano and orchestra. Op. 28. Prom., Jan. 21, 1902. (E.)

Straesser, E. Concerto in D for 'cello and orchestra. Prom., Oct. 9, 1903. (L.)

Strauss, Richard. Prelude to Act I., "Guntram." Prom., Oct. 2, 1895. (E.)

Strauss, Richard. Festmarsch. Op. 1. Prom., Oct. 6, 1898. (E.)

—— Serenade for wind instruments in E flat. Op. 7. Prom., Nov. 6, 1899. (E.)

—— Love scene from "Feuersnoth." Sym. Con., Feb. 1, 1902. (E.)

—— Symphonic Fantasia, "Aus Italien." Op. 16. Parts 1 and 2. Prom., Aug. 27, 1903. (E.)

Thuille, L. Romantic Overture. Prom., Sept. 11, 1902. (E.)

Umlauft, Paul. Prelude to Opera, "Evanthea." Prom., March 27, 1897. (L.)

Valentin, Karl. Festmarsch. Op. 29. Prom., Sept. 22, 1898. (E.)

Volbach, Fritz. Symphonic Poem, "Es waren zwei Königskinder." Prom., Oct. 12, 1901. (E.)

—— Symphonic Poem, "Ostern." Prom., Nov. 2, 1901. (E.)

Wagner, Richard. "Tannhäuser's Pilgrimage" (original version). Sym. Con., Feb. 10, 1900. (E.)

Wagner, Siegfried. Introduction to Act III. of "Der Bärenhäuter." Prom., Sept. 15, 1899. (E.)

—— Introduction to Act III. of Valse at the Fair from "Herzog Wildfang." Prom., Oct. 31, 1901. (E.)

Wolf-Ferrari. Chamber Symphony in B flat. Op. 8. Prom., Sept. 4, 1903. (E.)

ITALIAN.

Burgmein. Fantasie Hongroise. Prom., March 13, 1897. (E.)

Celega, N. Symphonic Poem, "The Heart of Fingal." Prom., Oct. 1, 1901. (E.)

Franchetti. Symphony E minor. Prom., Oct. 8, 1898. (E.)

Leo, Leonardo. Sinfonia from Oratorio, "Sant Elena al Calvario." Prom., Sept. 13, 1899. (E.)

Mascheroni. Grande Valse Espagnole. Prom., Sept. 9, 1899.

Simonetti. Madrigale for small orchestra. Prom., Sept. 30, 1899. (E.)

POLISH, CZECH AND HUNGARIAN.

Bendl, Karl. Südsclavische Rhapsodie. Op. 6. Sym. Con., Feb. 11, 1899. (E.)

Bloch, Josef. Suite "Poétique" for orchestra. Op. 26. Prom., Oct. 10, 1901. (E.)

Dvořâk. Symphonic Poem. "Der Wassermann." Prom., Nov. 14, 1896. (E.)

—— Symphonic Poem. "Die Mittagshexe." Op. 108. Prom., Nov. 21, 1896. (E.)

—— Symphonic Poem. "Die Waldtaube." Op. 110. Prom., Oct. 10, 1899. (L.)

—— Symphonic Poem, "Heldenlied." Prom., Oct. 20, 1899. (L.)

Erkel. Overture, "Hunyady László." Prom., Aug. 30, 1902. (L.)

Liszt. Hungarian Rhapsody No. 6 in G. Prom., Oct. 3, 1898. (L.)

Moniuszko. Mazur from Opera, "Halka." Prom., Oct. 8, 1898. (E.)

Nesvera. Overture, "Waldesluft." Prom., Oct. 3, 1903. (E.)

Scharwenka. Prelude to "Mataswinka." Prom., Oct. 2, 1895. (E.)

Suk, J. Suite, "A Fairy Tale." Op. 16. Prom., Oct. 6, 1903. (E.)

Weingartner. Symphony No. 2. E flat. Op. 29. Prom., Sept 24, 1901. (E.)

RUSSIAN.

Arensky. Second Suite, "Silhouettes." Op. 23. Prom., Jan. 30, 1896. (E.)

—— First Symphony, B minor. Op. 4. Sym. Con., May 1, 1897. (E.)

—— Pianoforte Concerto. Prom., Oct. 14, 1903. (E.)

Balakirev. Overture on Three Russian Themes. Prom., Sept. 26, 1899. (E.)

—— Symphony in C. Prom., Sept. 26, 1899. (E.)

Bleichmann. Suite de Ballet. Prom., Oct. 19, 1899. (E.)

Borodin. Danse Polovtsienne from opera, "Prince Igor.' Sym. Con., April 3, 1897. (E.)

—— Symphony, No. 1, E flat. Sunday Con., Jan. 27, 1901. (L.)

Cui, César. Suite miniature orchestrated by composer. Prom., Sept. 1, 1897. (E.)

—— Premier Scherzo. Prom., Sept. 29, 1899. (E.)

Dargomijsky. "Danse Cosatschoque." Prom., Jan. 9, 1897. (L.)

Glazounov. Symphony No. 5, B flat. Op. 55. Sym. Con., Jan. 30, 1897. (E.)

—— Scènes de Ballet. Op. 52. Prom. Con., Sept. 24, 1896. (E.)

—— Carnaval Overture. Op. 45. Sym. Con., May 8, 1897. (E.)

—— Symphony No. 6, C minor. Op. 58. Sunday Con., Jan. 1, 1899. (E.)

—— Suite from Ballet "Raymonda." Op. 57a. Sym. Con., Nov. 25, 1899. (E.)

—— Ballet music, "Ruses d'Amour." Op. 61. Prom., Nov. 1, 1900. (E.)

—— "Chant du Ménéstrel" ('cello solo and orchestra). Op. 71. Prom., Sept. 24, 1901. (E.)

Glazounov. Overture, Solennelle. Op. 73. Prom., Oct. 29, 1901. (E.)

—— New Ballet, "The Seasons." Op. 67. Part I. Prom., Oct. 17, 1901. (E.) Part II. Prom., Oct. 19, 1901. (E.)

—— Polka for strings, "Les Vendredis." Prom., Oct. 21, 1899. (E.)

Ippolitov-Ivanov. Caucasian Sketches. Op. 10. Prom., Sept 7, 1899. (E.)

Liadov. Valse badinage. Prom., Aug. 26, 1899. (E.)

—— Polka for strings, "Les Vendredis." Prom., Oct. 21, 1899. (E.)

Liapounov. Overture, Solennelle. Prom., Sept. 21, 1901. (E.)

Moussorgsky. "Une nuit sur le mont chauve." Sym. Con., Feb. 19, 1898. (E.)

—— March in A flat. Sym. Con., March 5, 1898. (E.)

Napravnik. Romance and Fandango. Prom., Sept. 3, 1897. (E.)

Rachmaninov. Pianoforte, Concerto No. 1, L. minor. Prom., Oct. 4, 1900. (E.)

Rimsky-Korsakov. Overture, "Nuit de Mai." Prom., Aug. 21, 1895. (L.)

—— Capriccio Espagnol. Op. 34. Prom., Sept. 24, 1896. (E.)

—— Symphonic Suite, "Scheherazade." Op. 35. Prom., Dec. 5, 1896. (E.)

—— Suite from Ballet, "Mlada." Sym. Con., Nov. 12, 1898. (L.)

—— Fantasia on Servian Themes. Op. 6. Sunday Con., Jan. 15, 1899. (E.)

—— Fantaisie Russe, B minor, violin and orchestra. Op. 33. Ysaye Con., May 31, 1900. (L.)

Rimsky-Korsakov. Symphony No. 2, "Antar." Prom., Sept. 19, 1900. (E.)

—— Concerto for piano, C minor. Op. 30. June 22, 1903. St James's Hall.

—— Night on Mount Triglav. ("Mlada," Act III.) Op. 10. Prom., Oct. 10, 1903. (E.)

Serov. Dance Cosaque. Prom., Sept. 15, 1897. (E.)

Sokolov. Polka, "Les Vendredis" (with Liadov and Glazounov). Prom., Oct. 21, 1899. (E.)

Tchaikovsky. Marche Solennelle. Prom., Oct. 2, 1895. (E.)

—— Suite, "Casse-Noisette." Op. 71a. Prom., Oct. 17, 1896. (E.)

—— Overture to drama, "L'Orage." Op. 76. Sym. Con., Feb. 20, 1897. (E.)

—— Overture to "Voivode." Tchai. Con., May 15, 1897. (E.)

—— Suite for orchestra, No. 3 in G. Op. 55. First performance of entire work. May 15, 1897. (E.)

—— Suite No. 4, "Mozartiana." Op. 61. Prom., Sept. 24, 1897. (E.)

—— Overture Triomphale on Danish National Hymn. Op. 15. Tchai. Con., June 15, 1898. (E.)

—— Entr'acte and Airs de Ballet from "Voivode." Op. 3. Prom., Sept. 14, 1898. (L.)

—— Symphonic Poem, "Manfred." Op. 58. Prom., Sept. 28, 1898. (E.)

—— Waltz from "Dornröschen." Prom., Sept. 29, 1898. (L.)

—— Polonaise from "Eugen Oniegin." First concert performance. Prom., Oct. 6, 1898. (E.)

—— Fantasia for orchestra, "The Tempest." Op. 18. Prom., Oct. 5, 1898. (E.)

Tchaikovsky. Suite for orchestra, No. 2 in C., "Caracteristique." Op. 53. Prom., Sept. 2, 1899. (E.)
—— Overture to "Les Caprices d'Oxane." Prom., Sept. 22, 1899. (E.)
—— Danse Cosaque from "Mazeppa." Prom., Sept. 28, 1899. (E.)
—— Symphonic Poem, "Fatum." Op. 77. Sym. Con., Oct. 28, 1899. (E.)
—— Symphony No. 3 in D. Op. 29. Prom., Sept. 27, 1899. (L.)
—— Suite from "The Swan Lake" (Ballet). Prom., Sept. 14, 1901. (E.)
—— Schäferspiel from "La Dame de Pique." Prom., Nov. 6, 1901. (E.)
—— Symphony No. 1, G minor. Op. 13. Prom., Aug. 27, 1902. (L.)
—— Symphony No. 2, C minor. Op. 17. Prom., Sept. 3, 1902. (L.)
—— Concerto for piano in E flat, No. 3. Op. 75. Prom., Oct. 15, 1902. (L.)
—— March, Entr'acte and Overture, "Hamlet." Prom., Oct. 29, 1902. (L.)
Wolkov, N. de. Cosatschok. Op. 37. Prom., Sept. 9, 1899. (E.)

SCANDINAVIAN.

Alfvén, Hugo. Symphony No. 2 in D. Op. 11. Prom., Sept. 17, 1901. (E.)
Enna, Auguste. Overture, "Cléopatre." Prom., Sept. 13, 1902. (E.)
Grieg, Edvard. Two Norwegian Melodies for string orchestra. Op. 63. Prom., Oct. 6, 1896. (E.)
—— Symphonic Dances. Op. 64. Sym. Con., Jan. 28, 1899. (E.)

Halvorsen. "Boyard's March." Prom., Oct. 2, 1895. (E.)
—— Suite for Orchestra, "Vasantasena." Sym. Con., June 15, 1898. (E.)
—— Norwegian Folk Song for strings. Prom., Sept. 8, 1898. (E.)
Olsen, Ole. Symphonic Poem, "Asgardsreien." Op. 10. Prom., Sept. 16, 1899. (E.)
Sinding, Christian. Suite, "Episodes Chevaleresques. Op. 35. Sym. Con., Nov. 11. 1899. (E.)
—— Violin Concerto, No. 1 in A. Prom., Sept. 25, 1902. (L.)
Sjögren, Emil. Episode for Orchestra, "Wüstenwanderung der Heiligen drei Könige." Sym. Con., Feb. 25, 1899. (E.)
Svendsen, Johan S. Andante Funèbre for orchestra. Prom., Oct. 2, 1895. (E.)

SPANISH.

Albinez. Suite, "Catalonia." Sunday Con., March 4, 1900. (E.)

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